# The Courier-Journal.

VOL. 32—WHOLE NO. 1,288. LOUISVILLE, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 21, 1871. NEW SERIES NO. 25.

WEEKLY EDITION.

## PARIS.

### The Orleans Princes Obtain an Interview with Thiers.

### General Trochu Defends his Administration.

### Rochefort's Trial by Court Martial Postponed.

**Levying of Taxes.**

Pouyer Quartier, the Minister of Finance, proposes to the Assembly the levying of additional taxes to the amount of 450,000,000 francs, to be assessed as follows: 60,000,000 upon registration of agreements, 90,000,000 upon liquors, &c, 50,000,000 upon sugar and coffee, 200,000,000 upon textile fabrics and colonial goods, and 50,000,000 upon various other articles.

**Miscellaneous News.**

Duke D'Aumale has decided not to accept the banquet proffered by the partisans of the House of Orleans.

Paris is already crowded with citizens and strangers.

The French Government has determined to indemnify the owners of the houses destroyed during the recent fighting in Paris.

Marshal McMahon has refused to become a candidate for the Assembly from one of the vacant districts of Paris.

Longchamp races are soon to be established.

The damage to the manufactory of the Gabelins proves to have been small, and work has already been resumed.

The harvest prospects of France and Prussia are discouraging. Much of the seed has perished. In the more eastern portions of Europe, however, the crops promise abundantly.

**Prince De Joinville.**

[illegible], June 13.—Prince De Joinville having been chosen to the Assembly from more than one District, he has addressed a letter to the President of the Assembly, electing to represent the Department of Marne.

Thiers to-day invited the members of the Assembly to attend in a body a grand review of the army, to be held on Sunday next in the Champ de Mars.

The Bonapartists count on carrying 50 out of 114 supplementary elections.

The Communists, who are to be transported to New Caledonia, will be allowed to take their families with them and form colonies.

Versailles, June 13.—Prince De Joinville and Duke De Armale arrived here yesterday and ware present at the Thiers soiree.

Gen. Tabrici, German Civil Admidistrator of France, arrived in this city to-day. He has officially visited Thiers, and will shortly leave for Germany.

**Trial of the Insurgents.**

Court martial for the trial of the insurgents has not yet been convened. An immense number of persons are awaiting the trial, and many cases will consume a great deal of time, and present some curious complications.

**Gen. Trochu Vindicates Himself.**

Versailles, June 13.—Gen. Trochu made a long speech before the Assembly, in justification of his administration of affairs. He said he wrote to Napoleon in August, urging the recall of Bazaine's army to Paris. He [Trochu] assented at the conference at Chalons, when it was decided that he, as Governor of Paris, should prepare for the return of Napoleon to the capital, which was formally opposed by the Empress. Gen Trochu added that he was badly received by Count de Palikao, as long as the latter remained Minister of War. The General then gave a detailed account of the difficulties of defense during the seige of Paris by the Germans.

**Princess Mathilda.**

Paris, June 13.—Princess Mathilda has asked Thiers for permission to return to Paris, promising to abstain from political intrigues.

Gen. Ulrich, defender of Strasbourg, solicits a seat for one of the Assembly districts of Paris as a permanent protest against the annexation of Strasbourg to Germany.

The public gardens have been opened.

**The Work of Restoration.**

The work of restoration in the Bois de Boulogne has begun. Laborers are replanting trees and shrubbery, filling ditches and leveling the works of the troops. The weather is warm and pleasant, and the streets are crowded with people.

**Vengeance.**

A manifesto from the Directory of the Societe Internationale protests against the barbarity of the Versaillists, and urges its members to avenge their slaughtered brethren.

**Royal Visit to Thiers.**

The Official Journal denies the report that the Orleans princes dined with Thiers, and says Prince de Joinville and Duke D'Aumale visited Thiers unexpectedly. During the interview the President said that, although he was once a minister in the Government of their father, King Louis Phillippe, he was to-day the head of the Republic. There was nothing significant in the visit of the princes. They understand and accept the present administration.

**The Assembly Coming to Paris.**

All the journals approve of the coming visit of the Assembly to Paris, and regard it as the first approach to genuine reconciliation with the Parisians.

The Gauche publishes the manifesto of the Paris electors against monarchy and in favor of a republic.

**Checkmating the Bonapartists.**

In order to combat the Bonapartist intrigues the Deputies propose to impeach the Emperor for declaring and waging war.

**Rochefort's Defense.**

Versailles, July 14.—Rochefort's defense before the military Commission, before which he is to be tried, is that the tribunal is incompetent to pass upon his case. He therefore demands trial by jury.

**A Charge of Bad Faith.**

Paris, June 14.—A Republican manifesto, which appeared to-day, is signed by eighty-one deputies of the Left in the Assembly. It accuses the monarchist deputies of not keeping the agreement made at Bordeaux whereby it was stipulated that partisan politics should be avoided, and charges that the legitimist members from the provinces are intriguing for the restoration of monarchy and for intervention in Italy in favor of the Pope.

**Communists Discharged.**

Many of the Communist prisoners were discharged to-day for want of evidence against them. Arrests are frequent in the Fourteenth and Fifteenth arrondissements.

**The Pope.**

The Temps remarks that the French bishops are actively moving for the reinstallment of the Pope in his temporal possessions.

A special dispatch to the Standard says twenty-one men were executed yesterday in the Bois de Boulogne.

**Trochu's Defense.**

Paris, June 14.—In Assembly to-day Gen. Trochu continued his speech in defense of his administration of military affairs. He gave minute account of sorties during the German siege of Paris and of reasons for making them. He attributed their defeat to the fact that the Germans used their artillery only. The French, he believed, would have beaten the German infantry if they could have engaged them. His main plan had been for a grand sortie towards Rouen, but, after the victory of Caulmiers, public opinion demanded a a junction of the garrison of Paris with the Loire, which was sheer madness. One of the greatest obstacles to the conduction of the defense was the disorderly element in Paris, which was instigated to rebel by Bismarck, and to this end was furnished with arms from an enemy outside of the city. He stigmatized the commencement without formal notice of the bombardment by the Germans as an unparalleled violation of the rules of civilized warfare.

### Standing of Cadets According to Merit.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., June 13.—The following is the standing of the cadets of the first class, as arranged according to merit, officially announced to-day:

1, Mason; 2, Steever; 3, Ayres; 4, Russell; 5, Alderson; 6, Goddard; 7, Edmunds; 8, Stewart; 9, Morrison; 10, Davis; 11, Woodruff, C. A.; 12, Wyatt; 13, Matt; 14, Bacon; 15, Woodruff, T. M.; 16, Walker, L. H.; 17, Pollon; 18, Kingsbury; 19, Nave; 20, Schwatker; 21, McKinney; 22, Allison; 23, Hickey; 24, Ribbet; 25, Chase; 26, White; 27, Knox; 28, Mansfield; 29, Foormame; 30, Robinson; 31, Wheeler; 32, Bush; 33, Ward; 34, Webster, J. M. C. A; 35, Guard; 36, Mundford; 37, Grant; 38, Townsend; 39, Hoag; 40, Roe, 41, Pardee. Shoretelle was not examined, being sick in the hospital. Davenport was absent, and not examined.

### A Man and Woman Fall Over a Precipice 650 Feet.

Reading Gap, Wilkes Co., N. C., June 12.—A young man named Atkins, and his wife, fell a distance of six hundred and fifty feet from a peak in the Blue Ridge Mountains a few days ago. The body of Mrs. Atkins was dreadfully mangled, but, strange to say, Mr. Atkins is still alive, and hopes are entertained of his recovery.

## THE TREATY.

### Earl Russell Opposes its Ratification in the English House of Lords.

### SOME PLAIN TALK.

London, June 12.—In the House of Lords to-day Earl Russell, in moving the address to the Crown against the ratification of the Treaty of Washington unless the arbitrators were bound only by international and British laws existing at the time of the American war, argued that otherwise England might apply one rule and America another, and the arbitrators still another. The ratification of the treaty might be demanded to secure peace, but it was, he urged, a dangerous precedent and an unwise neglect of duty on the part of Great Britain to her American colonies, whose fishing interests were sacrificed, for the treaty was one-sided even about the fisheries. He asserted that Great Britain had observed all the obligations of neutrality during the war, and quoted from Blue Books to prove his assertion, and scouted the idea of negligence on the part of the Government at that time. In conclusion, he said the treaty sacrificed English prestige; it sacrificed all for peace.

Granville said he accepted the discussion, but he did not accept Russell's motion. He explained the circumstances attending the negotiation of the treaty, and declared its terms honorable and advantageous for Canada. While he regretted the exclusion of Canadian claims growing out of the Fenian invasion, he could not help seeing that the international gain was incalculable.

The Earl of Derby hoped Lord Russell would withdraw his motion for the rejection of the treaty. America would now take it as a direct insult. He did not begrudge the apology, but regretted the retrospection of the rule, because it put England on trial, after her admission of regret for events, under a law passed ten years after the events occurred. Personally, he accepted the treaty as an accomplished fact, taking the evil with the good. He hoped no pressure would be applied to Canada, to interfere with the exercise of her free will. He rejoiced with everybody that the irritating difference was ended.

Earl DeGrey and Ripon defended the treaty and the conduct of the negotiations. He scouted the imputation of the lamb-like meekness of the British Commissioners before the shearers. It was true they desired to conciliate the Americans; but nothing more. Several of the proposals made by the Americans had been [illegible] declined. The apology for the escape of the Alabama made the conclusion of a good treaty possible. The settlement of the neutrality question was a vast gain, as neutrality was to be England's future policy. The omission of any provision for commercial reciprocity was unimportant, in view of the progress free trade was making in America. He defended the articles concerning the fisheries, on the ground that Canada was really benefitted by them.

Lord Cairns deprecated the motion of Earl Russell. The treaty was as binding as if it had been ratified, although it was badly drawn, and obliged England to submit to principles hitherto unknown to the country.

The Lord Chancellor sustained the treaty.

The Marquis of Salisbury declared that the treaty sacrificed the right of neutrals to American susceptibilities.

The Duke of Argyle said England gained in acknowledgement certain great rules of international law, without making any sacrifice.

Earl Russell then withdrew his motion, and the debate was brought to a close.

In the House of Commons this evening Gladstone, in reply to a question, said that the seventh article of the Treaty of Washington prohibits the use of neutral ports for the renewal or augmentation of arms and supplies to belligerents only when they are intended for use against the other belligerents, and not when exported in the ordinary course of commerce. This was, he said, the understanding on the part of President Grant and Minister Schenck. It was understood, however, that, on the presentation of the rule for acceptance by the other powers, that the statement on this point should be clear. Gladstone stated that he had received the assent of the United States Government to the proposal to submit these principles of the treaty to the European powers for their acceptance. He believed that prospective advantages to England would be immense. He concluded by praising the tone of America throughout the negotiations.

**The Times on the Treaty.**

London, June 13.—The Times to-day says in an editorial: The discussion yesterday in the House of Lords once more shows that the advantages of the treaty of Washington greatly overbalances its differences. We admit that to yield everything to conciliate an opponent is unwise, but the American Commissioners also receded from their original demands. The machinery of arbitration is satisfactory, and the claims on both sides could hardly be settled in a better way.

London, June 14.—The Times in an editorial to-day, says it considers it unprecedented that such a grave difference between nations as that of the Alabama claims should have been settled without a resort to arms. The demand for consequential damages for injury done to American commerce by the Alabama and kindred vessels was unacceptable to the English commissioners, and was abandoned by the United States. The Times in conclusion expresses the hope that, taking pattern from the adjustment of the American question, the nations of Europe will rise to a higher conception of the aims and duties of international fellowship.

## A TERRIBLE STORM.

### Galveston Again Visited by a Tornado—Churches Blown Down and Railroad and Telegraphic Communication Destroyed.

### Immense Damage to Shipping.

Galveston, Texas, June 13.—Another terrible storm struck this city yesterday at 10 a. m. It continued with great fury until midnight, destroying telegraph and railroad communication, and doing immense damage to the city and shipping. St. Patrick's church, just finished, was blown down, and is a total ruin.

The steamer Mollie Hambleton sunk in six feet water, and had her cabin and chimneys blown off.

The steamer Belle of Texas lost a chimney.

The steam lighter Emily, with nine hundred bales of cotton on board, sunk and steam tug Superior sunk. A large number of small craft blown ashore will probably be saved with but little damage. Five vessels of the fleet anchored outside are missing. The cables outside are missing.

The bark Chalmette parted cables at 8 p. m. and went to sea. The ship Excelsior went at 9:30 p. m.; the ship Lemont, at 9:30 p. m.; a schooner, unknown, went at the same time. The Caroline Lemond cleared Wednesday last for Liverpool with fourteen hundred and twenty-five bales of cotton, but had not yet sailed. The oldest citizens say this was the most severe storm of wind and rain ever known here. The velocity of the wind was sixty-eight miles per hour. A steamer has been sent in search of missing vessels.

## THE TURF.

### Racing at Jerome Park—A Kentucky Horse Wins the Third Race.

Jerome Park, June 13.—The first race was for the Winchester cup, value $1,500; two and one-fourth miles. Glenely, Helmbold and Preakness started and came in in the following order:

M. H. Sanford's Preakness ... 1
Belmont's Glenely ... 2
W. R. Babcock's Helmbold ... 3
Time, 4:15¾.

Second race; selling sweepstakes; for all ages, one mile and quarter. Six horses started.

V. Daniel's Belmont ... 1
W. Springfield's Quintard ... 2
D. Swigert's Musketeer ... 3
Time, 2:19.

Third Race; premium $800; one and three-quarter mile, for all ages. Climax, Victory, Doctor and R. B. Connelly started. The race was won by A. Keene Richard's Victory, R Shea's Climax second, and W. R. Babcock's Doctor third. Time, 3:17.

**Narragansett Park Races.**

Providence, R. I., June 14.—In the Narragansett Park races to-day the first race was for horses which had never beaten 2 33, purse $1,500; won by Susie, beating Litery second, and Jack Draper third; time, 2.35, 2.37¾, 2.34¾, 2.34¾, 2.35½. The second race was for horses which had never trotted better than 2.29, purse $2,000; won in three straight heats by Royal John, beating Medoc second, and Thos. Jefferson third; time, 2.27½, 2.27½, 2.26½.

### A Pittston Miner's Premonition of Death.

[From the Scranton Republican.]

William James, one of the victims of the Pittston coal mine disaster, who died on the Tuesday following the catastrophe, was a Welshman, and had been in this country about seven months. On the morning of the dreadful day he had taken his breakfast, and his wife had made ready his dinner and set the pail beside him. For some time he sat wrapped in thought, his arms folded, his eyes fixed vacantly upon the stove, and a deep melancholy apparently brooding over him. He was aroused from his reverie by his wife telling him that his dinner was ready, and that he would be late, as the bell had rung. He started to his feet, and gazing upon her for a moment with a look full of tenderness and significance, said to her, "If I should not come back alive would you be in such a hurry getting me out?" The wife answered "No," but remarked that "if he was going at all, it was time he was gone." He lifted his pail without saying a word, and, after kissing his wife, kissed his four little children, who were sitting playing on the doorstep.

When he had got about fifty yards from his home he turned again and kissed his wife and children once more with great fervency. His wife noticed that he was the victim of the gloomiest forebodings, and as he turned away a sigh escaped her for his safety, and she was about to entreat him not to go to work if he apprehended any danger. But hope and courage and the pressing necessities of their family overcame her intention, and she let him go. She stood in the door, however, and watched him on his way to the fatal pit. When at the point where he turned out of her sight, he paused and cast a wistful look toward his home and little ones, and seeing his wife, waved with his hand a last adieu, and immediately disappeared. He had parted with his loved ones forever.

At the time the gong gave the alarm of fire, she supposed it was 1 o'clock, and remarked to a person by her that she thought it was later than that. Soon, however, she made the discovery that it sounded for fire, and looking out she saw the dreaded element at work in the top of the breaker. Her husband's demeanor in the morning—his gloomy look, his repeated embrace, his unwonted hesitancy, and his parting salute—flashed up on her mind with awful distinctness of meaning, and she exclaimed: "The West Pittston breaker is on fire, and my husband is lost!"

She rushed out of the house and made her way to the breaker, where she remained waiting in dreadful expectancy until her husband was announced as alive. Hope revived in her breast, but only to be crushed again. He was conveyed to a hotel, where she ministered to him with all the tenderness of a woman and devotion of a wife, but it was all in vain.

## HORACE GREELEY

### Defines His Position as a Candidate, and Tells What He Thinks of the Southern Situation, the Kukiux, the Carpet-baggers and the Democratic Legislature.

### A PLAIN, BLUNT SPEECH.

New York, June 12.—A public reception to Horace Greeley by the Union Republican General Committee of this city, of which he is chairman, on the occasion of his return from Texas, occurred this evening in Union Square, in front of the rooms of the Lincoln Club. Having been formally welcomed and introduced to the large audience by Enoch L. Fancher, Mr. Greeley proceeded at once to compare the existing state of affairs with that of 10 years ago, before the war, declaring that the rebellion and its sacrifice of half a million of the best and bravest lives of the country might all have been spared had the North and South only understood each other, and free speech and a fair interchange of opinion prevailed throughout the country. Two months ago he was invited to go to Texas to deliver an agricultural address, and though at first determined to decline, he yielded to the advice of his friends, who told him they thought he could do the whole country good by going down to Texas to Texas with too much parade and circumstance; that there was too much making of speeches from car platforms and balconies of hotels, and I fully concur in that criticism, but invitations came from all quarters, and I felt it my duty to speak words of conciliation. I responded when I could, and for the rest kept silence. Mr. Greeley said it was also urged that in several journals his name was too often mentioned as a candidate for office, and he fully concurred in the suggestion, but he was, in a certain sense, a public man, identified with party contests and party principles. He had often reproved and reproached better men than himself because they would not accept offices, and left second-rate men to fill them. During the last twenty years Mr. Greeley said he had been four times a candidate for office—twice for Congress, once for Constitutional Convention, and once on the State ticket, but never had he sought a nomination, and rarely was he consulted in regard to it. I am not at all grateful, said he, to the Republican party for these nominations. I accepted them as I would any other duty, but for its support I am grateful. But the past is passed, and let the dead bury their dead. I am perfectly willing to pass receipts with the Republican party. I could not help being a Republican. For the future I need no office, desire no office; and though I shall not decline a nomination which has not been given me, shall seek no office. I am, however, willing to do my duty. I have work enough, for which I am reasonably well paid, too much notoriety, and the more quiet and peaceful my remaining days shall be the better I shall be satisfied.

With these remarks Mr Greeley left the subject of his own political future and reviewed at length the principal incidents of his journey South and the impression of Southern politics and society, urging earnestly his familiar views of liberal and generous treatment of the conquered States. He spoke in severe terms of the Kukiux, which, he said, the Government ought to extirpate at once and forever, and in severe and more sarcastic condemnation of the thieving carpet-baggers, who, he said, were a curse to the South and a disgrace to the North, whence they came. The carpet-baggers, he said, plunder and prey upon the negroes and poor whites while pretending to be anxious for their education and the salvation of their souls. He said they were the greatest existing obstacle to Republican ascendency in the South, and so he denounced them.

Alluding to his speech at Vicksburg, Mr. Greeley said he did not say he trusted the time would come when we of the North would honor Lee and Stonewall Jackson as we now honor Grant and Sherman, but that he hoped the time would come when all Americans, both North and South, will feel a just pride in the military character and achievements of Lee and Stonewall Jackson, just as we of the North now take pride in the character and achievements of Grant and Sherman and Thomas. Possibly, added Mr. Greeley, this is too strong for some of you, but I can wait; I can wait.

Concerning the New Departure, Mr. Greeley said he thought he was fully [illegible] saying the Democrats had done well to depart from the foolish old business of running their heads against a stone wall, but it always had been the rule of his life never to conjure up a bad motive for a good action. The Democracy see they are where they had better not be, and that they had better depart. He was glad of the new departure and glad to see that the Democrats had got a new political religion, and hereafter he would carry the axe under his coat instead of on his shoulder when he went out chopping on Sunday. It would be better yet to leave it in the woodshed and go out and treat the black man as a brother; and he believed that Democrats, at least the better part of the Democrats, meant to do this, and that their professions were something more than skin deep. He would not, however, make too much of the new departure He did not understand they professed any sorrow for their past warfare against the rights of man, nor made any promise not to renew it; but if the Democrats admit the three Republican amendments to the Constitution are finally and irrevocably ratified, and must be got out if at all in the same way they were got in—by a majority of Congress and vote of three-fourths of all the States—we shall feel safe, and that all we have gained is secure, for, said Mr Greeley, recalling his experiences at the polls in this city 25 years, and later, 12 years ago, when he could not induce the Democrats to accept the ballot in favor of equal rights, I believe men are wiser and better to-day than they were a dozen years ago I am weary of this sterile strife concerning the fundamental principles of our Constitution; I rejoice that they have taken a new departure. But will it not put the Republican party immediately out of power? it is asked. Burke says that confidence is a plant of slow growth, and will take sometime for the people to have much faith in the new creed of the Democracy. It will take sometime for their own folks to believe it. Ultimately, I think it will strengthen the Democracy, but I am willing to go out of power now and live in minority forever, if necessary. The downfall and overthrow of American slavery is the grandest work of any generation since the government was founded. Let us remember the grand old Bible injunction, "Speak to the Children of Israel that they go forward." We ought long ago to have ended all the trouble by universal amnesty and impartial suffrage; and if the Democrats concede the latter the Republicans must grant the former.

In conclusion, Mr. Greeley summoned all around him to prepare for new issues and new struggles which open before us. The questions of industrial policy, of national advancement and prosperity are daily more imperative and demand the best and most honorable service of the American citizen.

Mr Greeley closed with an eloquent apostrophe to the new and broader departure which he hoped for the whole country in peace, unity and prosperity, and retired amid hearty cheers from thousands around the platform.

## THE RUTH POISONING.

### Mrs. Ruth's Titled Ancestors and Her Estates in Europe.

[From the Leavenworth (Kansas) Standard.]

On Tuesday, Dr. Medlicott's attorneys, Judge Thacher and W. W. Nevison, filed a motion before the District Court to compel the County Attorney to file an information instanter against Dr. Medlicott, he having not yet done so. After hearing the argument, however, Judge Bassett held that the County Attorney might file his information twenty days before term time, or during the term of court. He will file his information during the present term, but the case will in all probability not be tried until the fall term of court.

Below we give a letter detailing a very important conversation between one of our citizens and Mr Ruth. It will undoubtedly be read with interest at this time by everybody:

LAWRENCE, June 6.

To the Editors of the Democratic Standard:

During a conversation with the late I. Miles Ruth, a few days before his death, he made some statements concerning his wife's titled ancestors, their estates, &c., that have not been alluded to in print, and which, in connection with the late tragic event, may be of interest to the public. He stated that the death of the Baron De Spraugh, of Strasbourg, maternal grandfather of Mrs. Ruth, left the estates to a crippled or deformed sister, and upon her death, should she leave no issue, they would descend to Mrs. Ruth's mother and through her to Mrs. Ruth. This sister never married, and since the commencement of the Franco-Prussian war, information had been received of her death. As Mrs. Ruth's mother proposed to relinquish all her claims in favor of Mrs. Ruth, it left her sole heiress to estates valued at several millions of dollars, and the right to assume the title of Baroness De Spraugh.

Mr. Ruth spoke of their intention to lay claim to the title and estates upon the settlement of the difficulties in France, and of his regret that his education and social advantages had not been such as to fit him for sustaining the dignity of a position he might be called to fill, as the husband of a titled lady.

Wishing to see only justice done, I have given but a plain, unvarnished statement of what was told me by Mr. Ruth; but may not that afford, in the minds of many, proof of a motive for the commission of a crime by an ambitious, cool-blooded man, stronger than the love for a woman somewhat passe, and several years his senior?

### Crop Reports—Death of a Prominent Citizen—Cotton-growing a Success.

San Francisco, June 14.—Barley will be an average crop; wheat two-thirds. There is a fruitful vintage—the largest ever in California. Other crops are good throughout the State.

Captain Wm. Rankin, a veteran merchant, formerly a resident of Pittsburg, died this evening.

The Cotton-growers' Association report complete success in San Joaquin Valley. The stand is the fairest ever seen on the continent, the drought having no effect upon it.

### Union of British Columbia and Canada

Ottawa, Canada, June 14.—The English government gives its consent to the Union of British Columbia with Canada, and directs that it shall take place on July 20th.

## SUMNER'S AMOURS.

### An Infatuated Female in Pursuit of the Senator from Massachusetts.

[From the Capital.]

The social atmosphere in the neighborhood of the Arlington was disturbed last week by an event seriously affecting our friend, the Hon. Charles Sumner. It seems that an infatuated female, far off in the regions of Maine, took the insane determination in her female brain to be a slave for life to her idol, the great statesman. To this end she first addressed a letter to the unfortunate victim, and then, being full of enthusiastic tenderness but not full of greenbacks, she set out on foot. At every stopping-place on the way she mailed a bulletin to the statesman. With the cunning of insanity, she used the franking privilege with the greatest liberality. Night after night the great negotiator of foreign relations continued to receive these fearful messages; and, like the dropping of water upon stone, they wore upon his brain. When his huge mail came in his great heart sank within him. This at last came to be a terror. His fate was approaching. His fate came slowly but surely on foot. If it could have been swift; if one could be put out of one's misery—but to know, day after day, to waken and toss through the long watches of the night, and realize that the infernal woman was on foot, and every hour brought her nearer, was terrible.

To some men, under these circumstances, three alternatives would present themselves. One would be to fly, to elope, to run away; the second, to get drunk; the third, to commit suicide. Of these the great Sumner could not avail himself. He could not fly. Brave as a lion, he did not know how to retreat. [illegible] liquor only makes him sick, not drunk. And as for suicide—what, die, and leave the Inscrutable alive?—impossible.

But the dread approach wore on him. He thinned and paled. He got to be querulous and ugly. The many Fifteenth amendments, who acted as menials about, stood in fear and trembled as his deep voice came up, like vaulted thunder, in hasty wrath.

At last, one morning the door-bell was rung as if the Angel of Death, somewhat behind time in his appointment with the family physician, was taking a pull at the summons. The Fifteenth amendment, whose duty it was to respond to the door, hurried up, and, opening it, saw a tall, slender female, with a carpet-sack thrown over her shoulder, armed with a cotton umbrella, and gazing at life from behind a pair of spectacles that served as did the once feared masked batteries of the civil war. The proprietor of these several disagreeable qualities thrust a note into the darky's hand, and said, in a shrill voice of command, "Give that to ye'r boss."

This was done. The terrified statesman gazed from the window and saw his fate. For a moment he stood dizzy and irresolute. Then he smote his manly breast, started up, and cried, "Sumner! Sumner! show true courage—now's the hour!"

The servant brought him the note. He read:

WASHINGTON, D. C.

SENATOR SUMNER—I have accomplished my journey. I am standing on your door-step. May I come in? [illegible] MISS SUSAN A. GRITZ.

The mighty orator, beckoning to a policeman he had engaged in advance to guard his premises, locked his door. In a moment the policeman asked admission. Opening the door cautiously an inch, Sumner said in his deep tragic tones, "Arrest that female at the door."

But he spoke too late. He heard a hurried step upon the stair. He slammed the door, and, too much frightened to lock it, fled and concealed himself in a closet. A brief engagement came off between the municipal snapping-turtle and the enthusiastic female. For a moment victory hung doubtful. At last it was decided in favor of enthusiasm. She poked the guardian of the Senater in the right eye with the end of her cotton umbrella. He gave a great howl and fell back She entered the room. She gazed hurriedly around. The door of the closet stood ajar. She opened this door and saw her idol.

"I am here, your Susan; behold me, your guardian!" she cried.

"Woman, begone!" exclaimed the Senator; "I want you not. I am devoted to my country; I am wedded to my books. Women annoy; therefore begone!"

"Not want me! you stupid man. You do want me; you need protection; you need tender solicitude. Look at this vile place; see these indecent figures and abominable pictures of naked women I come here to purify and sustain—and I will!"

Here she threw out her arms—one hand wielding the carpet-sack, the other the umbrella. Either through accident or design she threw from its pedestal to the floor, breaking in pieces an exquisite marble statuette of the [illegible] a piercing cry of anguish. "Wretch!" he exclaimed, "vandal, outlaw, female fury! what have you done?"

At this moment the policeman rallied and, assisted by the colored fellow-citizen of the mansion, captured the frantic female by throwing a rug over her head, and, amid screams, kicks and fearful struggles, carted her off to an insane asylum.

The friends of the Senator have since made up a pony purse and shipped female enthusiasm back to her home in Maine.

### Shaker Elopement in Massachusetts.

[From the Boston Traveller.]

Pittsfield was thrown into an abnormal state of excitement on Thursday morning, by a report that Ira Lawson, the leading business man and financier of the church family of the Hancock Shakers, had eloped on the previous evening with Sister Eliza Van Valen, a matronly and prepossessing lady of about his own age, and some loose change for their use and convenience. The following particulars of the great sensation have been published: The first known of his intended departure was yesterday noon. The preparations of the couple excited some little surprise in the minds of the Shaker sisters, just after the dinner hour, and led to inquiries as to such unusual measures. Ira was interrogated by some of the leading Shakers, and admitted frankly his intention of taking leave that evening, and gave his reasons therefor. He expressed his intention of returning in "a week or ten days," for the purpose of adjusting all matters of business, and of giving his successor an insight into his way of doing things, and his reappearance is confidently expected. The young couple are about 33 or 35 years of age, and in their relations at the Shaker Society have enjoyed those privileges of social intercourse that the individuals of the opposite sex, possessing like inclinations, are too apt to conduce to relations of a more intimate character, and which go to prove to the satisfaction of nearly everyone that "man was not made to live alone"—nor woman either. The grist-mill of the Shakers has been controlled almost exclusively by Mr. Lawson. Day before yesterday he was at the mill, and requested a squaring up of the books and cash by the miller, Mr. Power, which was shortly accomplished. A carriage and driver, in the best style of the Pittsfield livery, appeared before the large brick residence of the church society last evening, at 8 o'clock, and Lawson, with his companion, took their departure from the Hancock Shakers, where both have lived from childhood, both grown into the confidence and esteem of the Shaker Society, and both attained to a position of influence among the brethren and sisters.

### Emancipation of Slaves in Brazil—Probable Adoption of the Law.

Lisbon, June 3.—Rio Janeiro dates of May 18, state that De Queda Caxias, on the part of the Brazilian Government, has presented to the Imperial Chambers an elaborate and carefully prepared bill for the emancipation of all the slaves belonging to the crown. This, act, if it becomes a law, manumits thousands now toiling in the diamond mines in the Province of Minas, and also those engaged in the construction of the docks and other public works at Rio de Janeiro, Bahai, Penambuco, and Moranbam, besides a large force employed on the Government railroad. A provision of the bill also releases convict slaves on the island Ferdinande de Naronba, after seven years servitude, their owners to be indemnified from the Imperial Treasury. The bill meets with determined opposition, it is said, by the conservatives in the Brazilian Senate, but the liberal party is strong, and will likely carry the humane measure. In the lower house, where there is an overwhelming liberal majority, the emancipation bill, which has always been a pet measure of Brazil's Democratic Emperor, will encounter but feeble opposition The great objections to the measure seem to be, not so much the justice of the act, but its hearty enforcement. The law, as it now stands, provides a system of gradual emancipation for slaves belonging to private estates only, while the Emperor's will decrees the immediate manumission of the slaves owned by the Crown Imperial.

### Grant's Execrable English.

[From the World.]

At the Morse celebration on Saturday the following letter from President Grant was read:

> Plans made previous to the receipt of your invitation will prevent my acceptance, but do not prevent my appreciation of the services rendered to science and the wants of commerce, trade and travel by the distinguished man in whose honor you meet.

It is gratifying to learn that the President's "plans" do not "prevent him" from knowing that Morse invented the electric telegraph, and that the invention was worth making. It would be interesting to know whether it is the President's "plans" which have "prevented" him from learning how to use the English language. England periodically roars against the jargon of the Queen's speeches. But the gibberish of President Grant is his own, while Victoria's Ministers are responsible for her syntax and her stilted phrases.

☞ As two poor but honest miners were wending their way along the Willow road, yesterday, says the Nevada National Gazette of June 3d, discussing the prospects of making a "strike" or "panning out" a fortune in some new diggings, when about a half mile this side of the Six-mile House, between this place and Washington, they discovered a nugget of gold lying in a wheel-rut. This streak of luck promoted a further search, and still another was found in the sand. Such a succession of luck prompted a further search, and nuggets were found to abound. This luck prompted them to go panning. The result of their operations was that, since yesterday morning, they have obtained as a reward of their labors, about $800 in nuggets, weighing from one to eight dollars. The first handful yielded about forty dollars. It is supposed that this gold came from Diamond Creek, and was lost years ago by some miner who dropped his fortune. This is an illustration of the old saying that it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good.

## ALEX. H. STEPHENS.

### The Tribune Pilgrim Drops In on Another Eminent Georgian and Picks Up Some More Lively Items.

### A TWO-HOURS' TALK.

[New York Tribune Crawfordsville, Ga., Letter.]

This is a straggling, shabby, dirty Southern town, of perhaps four or five hundred inhabitants. The streets are without sidewalks, and pedestrians take their choice between walking in the mud and dust of the roadways or among the rank weeds that fill the broad spaces between the wheel-tracks and the fences. The decayed frame houses were painted so long ago that they now show no traces of paint. This is the county town of the county of Taliaferro—a name that has degenerated, in the mouths of the people, into Tolliver—and in the center of a weed-overgrown square in the town there is a little ugly brick court-house, but no business seems to be transacted in it. Around the square stand four or five stores, with large vacant spaces between; each store has its complement of half a dozen dirty, yellow-faced loafers, in butternut pantaloons, coarse cotton shirts, and broad-brimmed slouched felt hats, who were hanging about the doorway and chewing tobacco as vigorously as if that were the chief [illegible] entertainment, except a [illegible] bench upon the porch, and a wash-basin and towel for public use. There is a church or two, but no public school, no newspaper, no telegraph office, although the wires run through the place, and no particular sign of modern civilization except the van of a traveling photographer established among the weeds on the square.

On the outskirts of the village, across the railway track, is Liberty Hall (the residence of Alex. H Stephens, late Vice President of the Southern Confederacy,) so named, not with any reference to the mansion of the hospitable old fellow in Goldsmith's comedy, but to indicate the interest of its owner in the cause of human liberty; for even here in the South, in the old days of slavery, men talked with enthusiasm about liberty, meaning of course, the liberty of the white race. Liberty Hall is a plain, white farm-house, with a large sloping lawn in front, shaded by locust trees and numerous negro-houses and other out-buildings at the side and in the rear, all freshly painted. A sprightly mulatto girl took in my card, and returned at once to the porch to escort me through a narrow hall, past a little, plainly-furnished parlor, through a large room walled around from floor to ceiling with books, and into a room at the back of the house. Here I found a little, withered, wrinkled old man, with wonderfully bright brown eyes, white hair, and a frame so emaciated that it seemed to be literally skin and bones. He wore a homespun suit of butternut color, and had an old black felt hat upon his head. This person was Mr. Stephens. He half rose as I entered, and extended a hand so gaunt and fleshless that it did not seem to be the hand of a living man, and immediately afterward he sank into his easy chair. At his right hand stood a round table, piled up with a confused heap of books, letters, newspapers, manuscripts, and writing materials. A pair of crutches leaned against the wall on the other side of his chair, and he rested his feet on the rounds of another chair, in which lay an ugly, fat, brindled dog, that the flies would not allow to sleep. There were two beds in the room, a bureau covered with bottles of every size and shape, containing medicines and liquors, and a grate in which a coal fire was burning, although it was a warm June day. A single picture representing Faith standing by the cross, hung above the mantle, which rivaled the bureau in its array of bottles. There were piles of books upon the floor, and articles of clothing were scattered about the room. Mr. Stephens said he was always glad to see visitors, and to talk upon public affairs, but that he invariably insisted that correspondents who called upon him should not publish what he said, because he had no wish to be brought before the public. This prohibition I afterward prevailed on him to modify so far as to consent that I might mention whatever he should say that had heretofore been made public, and he told his nephew, a young man who came in while we were talking, to give me, a copy of an Augusta paper, which he said contained an authoritative statement of his views as far as he wished them to be known.

Mr. Stephens denounced the Republican leaders in the strongest terms as guilty of "the most outrageous perfidy" in prosecuting the war for the avowed purpose of restoring the Southern States to their old places in the Union, and then, when they triumphed, refusing to let them take those places, denying them the rights of self-government and representation in Congress, putting them under bayonet rule, and afterward reconstructing them by uprooting all the foundations of their society, disqualifying all men of intelligence and property from holding office or voting, and placing their governments in the hands of the ignorant and vicious. He spoke of the Republicans as Jacobins without conscience or consistency, whose purpose was to establish a centralized, despotic government, and to destroy the liberties of the people. All of the Reconstruction legislation of Congress he believed to be unconstitutional, fraudulent and void. The XIIIth amendment he admitted to be valid because it had been ratified by the rightful Governments of the Southern States—the Governments de jure, and not the Governments de facto afterward established by bayonets. The XIVth and XVth amendments he claimed were no part of the Constitution, because their pretended ratification had been effected by force and fraud. They were not results of the war, as the Radical leaders falsely claimed, but were conceived after the war was over as a part of the scheme of centralization which those leaders had concocted to keep themselves in power. He did not hold the XVth amendment to be invalid because he opposed negro suffrage, but because of the usurpations and outrages upon the Constitution by which it was wrongfully adopted. He did not believe the ballot would ever be taken from the negro if the XVth amendment were declared void, and the control of the suffrage placed where it rightfully belonged, under the exclusive jurisdiction of the States. In such a case, if it should be proposed to deprive the negroes of the franchise, the white man would divide into two parties upon the question, and the one that opposed the measure, with the aid of the votes of the negroes, would carry the day. But the fact that universal suffrage was so firmly established did not, he said, lessen the duty of all lovers of constitutional liberty to oppose the fifteenth amendment. This usurpation should never be permitted to pass without proper rebuke and condemnation, even by those who favor the object aimed at by it. The de jure Government of the Southern States, he said, are still in a condition of repression, and he declared that the history of no country shows grosser or more palpable usurpations of power, or more glaring acts of wrong, violence, fraud, and perficy on the part of those in authority then were committed by the Republican party in the passage of the so-called amendments and the reconstruction laws.

Mr. Stephens talked for more than an hour in this manner, rehearsing all the old arguments with which Democratic orators and newspapers have made people too familiar for the past few years. In answer to an inquiry as to what he thought of the New Departure of the Northern Democracy, he read me a copy of a long letter recently sent to a friend in Pennsylvania, who had asked his opinion of the platform lately adopted by the convention in that State. The letter expressed very positive opinions, and these he enlarged upon in conversation, but he especially desired me to make no mention of his views upon this subject, as he wished that they should not be made public, and had cautioned his Pennsylvania friend not to let his letter get into print He expressed the belief that the movement toward centralizing power in the General Government, which he said was going on with constantly accelerated rapidity, would end in destroying all the power and independence of the States, and next the liberties of the people. This, he said, was the deliberate purpose of the Republidan leaders, and he looked for its speedy accomplishment One pretext after another would be found to invade the liberties of the people, and deprive them of the right of self-government. "I may not live to see it," he said, "but you are young, and will yet witness the downfall of republican government in this country and the establishment of a centralized despotism." Unlike Mr. Toombs, Mr. Stephens does not believe that another war is possible between the North and the South, and he thinks a remedy for the evils of which he complains can be reached only through peaceful means He said he believed the Democratic party could yet save the country if it would make an earnest and solemn appeal to the people at the next Presidential election, warning them of the plot to destroy their liberties. If this were done, he was confident that there was yet honesty and sense enough among the people to cause them to rise and "hurl the Jacobins from power," as he expressed it.

In the course of the conversation a negro man came in, presented Mr. Stephens with a basket of apples, and asked his advise about selling his peas at the present market price. After he had gone Mr. Stephens said that all his former slaves still lived upon his place, and worked the land on shares. He found it more profitable than slave labor. The negroes divided the crops themselves and brought him his share. He depended entirely upon their honesty, and did not believe they deceived him. The negroes were not as well off for comforts as in the days of slavery he said; they were not as well clothed, fed or housed, but he presumed they preferred freedom to slavery with more comforts. In one of the brief intervals in his political talk, Mr. Stephens spoke of the civilization of Georgia before the war as the highest in the world. Pauperism, he said, was almost unknown, and in all his practice at the bar he had only known one case of deliberate murder; but he admitted that cases of killing in quarrels were frequent.

Nearly all of our two hours' talk was on the political topics indicated above—I should say, rather, his talk, for most of the time Mr. Stephens seemed nearly oblivious to the presence of his auditors. With his eyes fixed upon one point on the wall, he would talk as steadily and consecutively as if repeating a well-learned oration, and he seemed impatient of questions or interruptions. It was as if he were rehearsing from memory the chapters of his book, and felt bound to get through with them all. Sitting in his disordered room, surrounded by a confusion of old books, manuscripts, bottles, vials, and ancient furniture, and discussing questions, many of which were long since settled and are nearly forgotten, he seemed to be a sort of necromancer trying to revive the spirit of the dead past. He has been an invalid for the past two years, and is obliged to use crutches in walking. He never expects that his health will permit him to again take any part in public life. In spite of his infirmities, however, he makes his influence widely felt by means of conversations with men who come from all parts of the South to see him. Scarcely a day passes that he does not receive visitors from a distance. In this way he keeps up his acquaintance with public men throughout the South, and is still potent in controlling the action of the Democratic party in this State and, to some extent, throughout the Southern States. Probably no man in Georgia wields the influence that he does with the class that still refuse to accept the situation. The people of the village have a great reverence for him, and seem to rely upon him for advice and assistance. His charity and kindness of heart are proverbial in all the country round, and he is beloved alike by white men and negroes, who, when in trouble, come long distances to get his counsel.

## "DEMORALIZED MOBOCRACY."

### More of the Chattanooga Railroad War—A Shocking State of Affairs.

Nashville, June 14.—[illegible] occasioned by the seizure of the trains on the Alabama and Chattanooga railroad, and stopping them by a mob of unpaid employes. The stopping of trains prevented the transportation of supplies to other employes on the line of the road, who are in a state of starvation. Business houses in Chattanooga are closed, fearing the mob. Mr. Stanton, builder of the road, avers that he is not to blame for this state of affairs, and that if let alone he can pay out. The Chinese employes demand to be sent back to California, willing to abandon their claims.

LATER.

Chattanooga, June 14.—The Committee of Creditors of the Chattanooga and Alabama Railroad Company, after consultation with Mr. Stanton, recommend the resistance by all lawful means to put the road into bankruptcy; that Mr. Stanton be appointed to operate the road and a financial agent selected to receive and disburse all income; that the debts due the laborers and employes be paid first; that a full examination be made of the actual situation of the road and its present indebtedness; that an extension of one, two and three years, with interest at 8 per cent, be granted Mr. Stanton, in whose honesty and ability to pay every dollar of the debt they express full confidence.

### The Crops at Home and Abroad.

Great Britain.—The past week opening with brilliant sunshine, soon became hot and sultry, and the heat being followed by a gentle and genial rain, has worked wonders in vegetation. More growth has been made in the meadows and cornfields than for three weeks previously, and a check has been given to the upward movement of prices. We regret, however, to find that the pears, which appeared well-set, and to promise abundance, have been severely attacked by maggots, which swarm in the core of the fruit, and afford but poor prospects in some localities; while the apple bloom died off with unusual rapidity, and never looked well. The grass and spring corn, which were both waiting for a beneficial change, have altered much for the better, and some wheat ears may now appear before the month is out; but the critical period of blooming-time has yet to be passed, and it would not be surprising to see a return of those fluctuations which have characterized the season. Again, we note a reduction in the weekly sales of wheat, as compared with last year, of 13,494 quarters, which, for the third week in succession, comes in all to 37,616 quarters, which is rather more than the reported increase for four weeks previously. And with this falling off there is a refusal of many farmers to sell at less money in spite of the fine weather, from the knowledge that stocks of both English and foreign are low, and the present prospects not very bright. All the world thought that, with the capture of Paris, a large demand would spring up for that city and revive business, but the firebrands of the insurrection, it seems, have madly determined that the Government shall dearly purchase their advantages, and the finances of France must be long under requisition to meet these additional expenses of the late terrible war. The demand, therefore, will be straitened by limited means, and seems unlikely to come so freely as expected. In the meantime, Belgium, Holland, Germany and New York have been rising as respects breadstuffs, and, though a present dullness is felt, it is unlikely to be of long duration, even should the weather remain fine.—[Mark Lane Express, May 30th.

**CALIFORNIA.**

The Vallejo Chronicle of May 30th has the annexed:

J. M. Rowley, from Yountville, Napa valley, states that on Saturday and Sunday the rain was as heavy as at any time during last winter, and has been of real benefit to the growing crops, which were in a languishing condition. Farmers who did not expect to make anything except a light crop of hay, from the same fields now expect to realize a two-thirds crop of wheat. Charley Hopper says the rain was equal to an increase to his lands of twenty sacks to the acre, and he is sanguine of obtaining 100 bushels to the acre. The benefit of the rain seems to have been surprising in the fields north of Napa City, and the slight damage to the hay crop is amply compensated by the good that results to the growing grain. Stools of grain that were heading out only about one-third, have taken a new growth, and will fill out as heavy as an average. The grain for twelve years has never appeared to better advantage in Napa valley.

We copy as follows from the Carson Register of May 30th: The crops in Carson valley are somewhat backward this season, but notwithstanding the past few days of cold weather, will yield a little above the average, should no further drawbacks be encountered. On Sunday last the valley was visited by a fine shower of rain, apparently extending from the head of the west fork of Carson river down to Genoa. Literally "grass is short" up the valley, but the farmers say the hay will be of better quality in consequence. The orchards have sustained but little injury in consequence of late frosts, and the fruit trees, particularly gooseberry and currant bushes, are loaded.

**KANSAS.**

According to latest advices the coming crops of wheat, rye, oats, and red clover are equal to any former crops. Corn is in fine condition. Peaches promise well. Cherries and plums will yield about half a crop. No dismal wail of frost ravages has yet been heard, as in the neighboring States, but it is intimated that the mischief has not yet developed itself.—[Exchange.

**MINNESOTA.**

The Wabasha Herald says: "The late rains insured an abundant harvest. Early-sowed wheat is looking splendidly, and late-sown is rapidly catching up. Corn is coming on well. The hay crop will be more than an average one, and so will potatoes, if Paris green holds out, and there are small boys enough to use it. We never saw vegetation of all kinds advance more rapidly than in the past two weeks."

The Mantorville Express says: "The growing crops have never looked better in this section at this season of the year than at the present time. Wheat, oats, and barley, all promise more than an average crop. Corn, farmers tell us, was never known to grow more rapidly than for the past few days."

A correspondent from Benton county, writing to the St. Cloud Journal under date of the 5th, says: "The indications are that the farmers in this vicinity will not be able to raise any potatoes this year, on account of the bugs. Several potato fields have been plowed up to give place to corn. The weather continues warm and sultry, and the farmers say the crops are suffering for the want of rain; although last Sunday we had a slight shower, which, however, did not have much effect upon the crops.'

**INDIANA.**

We have talked with several farmers within the past few days regarding the wheat prospect, and are able to report a more favorable prospect than for the past two months. The recent rains have benefited the crop a great deal, and, from the data we have, we are safe in saying that there will be a good average crop in this county.—[Greensburg Standard.

The prospects for peaches and other fruits in this county were never better, and all the croaking about the failure of the wheat crop is for effect. We predict an immense crop in this county of every description, except, perhaps, the potato crop.—[Seymour Times.

The wheat is rapidly ripening under the hot June sun. We notice many fine fields of wheat between Williamsport and Isaac Bowles', and every one in the best condition.—[Williamsport Republican.

**GEORGIA.**

On Monday evening the heaviest rain ever witnessed in this rainy country deluged a vast extent of country, including Smithville, on the Southwestern railroad, and J. A. Davis' plantation east of this city. How far east, west, and north of these two points the cloud extended, we are not informed, but on this line—southeast and northwest—old Neptune reveled in his element, and delighted in the havoc of the storm. Some assert that more water fell in the space of two hours than has fallen since Christmas altogether, and the destruction of crops is unprecedented.—[Albany News, 9th.

Through the aid of friends we have come to the conclusion that there is 20 per cent. less cotton and 25 per cent. more corn planted this than last year, and not half as much guano used. The season has been favorable for corn, excepting the continuous hard rains of the past few days, and never more unfavorable for the cotton plant. Making up an opinion at this date and under the circumstances that surround us, we place the cotton crop prospect on quite unfavorable ground—in fact, do not think the yield will be more than half what it was last year—and congratulate ourselves with the belief that the corn-cribs will be at home all over Southwest Georgia, and have some to spare to our Western friends, who have been so kind as to furnish us provisions the past few years.—[Dawson Journal, 9th.

☞ In a certain cemetery in a town in New London county, Connecticut, can be found a lot containing five graves, one in the center, the others near by at the four points of the compass. The inscriptions on the latter read respectively, after the name of the deceased, "My I. Wife," "My II. Wife," "My III. Wife," "My IIII. Wife:" while the central stone bears the brief but eloquent expression, "Our Husband."

## SPECIAL NOTICES.

### Stillingia or Queen's Root—Commonly Called Queen's Delight—Extract from U. S. Dispensatory.

"It is an indigenous perennial plant, grows in the pine barrens from Virginia to Florida, flowering in May and June. From the reports in its favor there is no reason to doubt the efficacy of this medicine in scrofula, secondary syphilis, cutaneous diseases, chronic hepatic affections, and other complaints ordinarily benefited by alterative medicines. Stillingia is advantageously combined with sarsaparilla and other alteratives.'

At this season of the year the system naturally undergoes a change, and a good blood purifier will be found an assistant of the greatest value. Wintersmith's Iodized Sarsaparilla and Stillingia is unequaled as an alterative and blood purifier. It has all the virtues of the best Honduras sarsaparilla and of Stillingia, with three grains of Iodide of Potash to the dose. Every bottle contains fifty-six doses, making it not only the best but the cheapest alterative in the market. It is prescribed and recommended by our leading physicians.

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GRAPE PILL

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Extract Sarsaparilla

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IN THESE MONTHS.

Helmbold's Fluid Extract Sarsaparilla

Cures all Eruptions of the Skin.

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All powders and outward applications destroy the skin, rendering it harsh and coarse. Look at the skin of old maids and those who have used such any length of time. Discontinue them and use

Helmbold's Fluid Extract Sarsaparilla.

One bottle is equal in strength to one gallon of the sirup or decoctions as usually made, and a wine-glass added to a pint of water equals the celebrated Lisbon Diet Drink. Try it this way. A delightful beverage.

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a pleasant, safe, and agreeable cathartic.

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used in all affections where a purgative medicine is needed.

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harmless to a child, and taken by children.

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supersede magnesia, salts, and every other purgative.

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certain in effect and pleasant in operation.

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To insure new life, new blood, new vigor Purchase two bottles of HELMBOLD'S SARSAPARILLA and one box of PILLS—worth their weight in gold.

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HAS ACQUIRED A WORLD-WIDE FAME.

All of my preparations are meritorious. A period of twenty years has PROVED THIS to be the case.

See Remarks made by Benjamin Travers, F. R. C. S.

Speaking of those diseases and diseases arising from the excess of mercury, he states that no remedy is equal to the Extract of Sarsaparilla—its power is extraordinary, more so than any other drug I am acquainted with. It is, in the strictest sense, a tonic with this invaluable attribute, that it is applicable to a state of the system so sunken and yet so irritable as renders other substances of the tonic class unavailable or injurious.

See Remarks of the Great Chemists and Pill Men of America,

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154 North 3d st., Philadelphia, Pa.

H. T. Helmbold: Esteemed Friend—We congratulate you on having the handsomest and, at the same time, the most effective pill that we have ever known for the purposes intended.

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H. T. HELMBOLD will remark, in conclusion, that his remedies are the result of long and careful study. The Fluid Extracts have been before the public twenty years: the sale of them in that time proves their value. All who have been benefited by them who followed my instructions, and to-day they stand unequaled in the extent of their sale and unsurpassed by any Medicament in the Dispensatory of the United States, not excepting a single herb, root plant, or scientific preparation.

Pharmaceutical I claim all mine to be, and have never patented a single one.

All Stand on their Merits.

The Pills I have thought of offering to the afflicted for ten years.

They are now perfect, and I shall stake my time, money, and fame on their effectiveness. The inviting style in which the Pill itself is made, the bottle, label, wrapper—all show with what care they have been prepared. After examination no English or French preparation will show greater care, and I am really proud of them.

Instead of the nauseous-looking, carelessly-prepared pills vended generally and put up in wooden boxes, and made generally or offered by those having no experience as physicians, druggists, or manufacturers of medicines, test the medicine offered by your obedient servant, H. T. HELMBOLD, Crystal Palace Drug Store, 594 Broadway, New York.

Palace Pharmacy, Gilsey House, Broadway and 29th st., New York.

Temple of Pharmacy, Continental Hotel, Philadelphia, and 104 South 10th st., Philadelphia.

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Whisky Selling at a Bargain.

THOSE wishing to buy good Kentucky one and two year old Bourbon Whisky—made in Fleming county, at the still-house of S. Stockwell and other houses in the same county, and warranted to be pure and straight as it ran from the still, in good iron bound cooperage—can do so by addressing the undersigned, at Flemingsburg, Ky. It will be sold below the market price, for CASH, at the warehouse. Come and examine for yourselves and be satisfied that you are getting a good article.

E. S. LANDER,
Adm'r of C. F. Lander, deceased.
Flemingsburg, Ky., May 13, 1871. my19 wt'

WM. SCHUFF. CHAS. SCHUFF. [illegible] ROTH.

SCHUFF BROTHERS & CO.,

No. 16 W. Market, between First and Second sts.

TANNERS of OAK SOLE, SADDLE-SKIRTING, Harness, Black and Russet Bridle, Hog and Calf Seatings, Welt and Belt Leather, Upper Leather, Calf and Kip Skins, and dealers in French and Philadelphia Calf and Kip Skins, Tanners' Oils, Shoe Materials, &c.

Orders from the trade respectfully solicited. All orders shall have our prompt attention.

☞ The highest market price paid in cash for Hides, Sheep-Skins, Tallow, and Leather in the rough. ap19 w3m

KENTUCKY

TOBACCO ASSOCIATION.

SALES WAREHOUSE
No. 459 Main st., bet. Eleventh & Twelfth.
WM. HALLADY, Pres't. C. E. TAYLOR, Sec'y.
Wm B. Humphrey, Warehouse Manager.

Stock issued ... $12,000
Stock authorized ... $300,000
[illegible] under an open policy.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

| | |
|---|---|
| T. W. Taylor | Henderson county. |
| Royal Utley | " |
| B. F. Connell | Union " |
| G. F. Clements | Crittenden " |
| Wm. Paden | Livingston " |
| W. C. Kuykendall | Webster " |
| Wm. B. Humphrey | " |
| J. A. Evans | McLean " |
| Jas. B. Head | Hopkins " |
| Geo. Howard | Ohio " |
| W. M. Bruce | Meade " |

je9 d3&w3m

RELIANCE WRINGER,

PERFECTED 1871.

RELIANCE
MOULTON ROLLS.
SPIRAL GEAR.

MOULTON Rolls, most durable; spiral cogs, easiest working; curved clamp, holds firmest; the cheapest, the best. Try it.

PROVIDENCE TOOL COMPANY,
11 Warren st., N. Y., and Prov., R. I.
je14 w6m d&3dp

FOR SALE.

A Valuable Farm, SAW-MILL, And Copper Distillery.

HAVING engaged in business in the city of Henderson, I now wish to sell my farm in Daviess county, Ky, situated on the Henderson and Owensboro road (the best natural road in Kentucky, and in as good neighborhood for society, churches, and schools as has an existence), 9 miles from Owensboro and 1 mile from Green river, containing 237 acres, with 175 acres of cleared land, all under good fence, and as fine up-land as nature's law ever made. The woodland is rich, lays well, and timbered to perfection, with the following improvements, viz:

A good, substantial dwelling-house with six rooms, smoke-house, poultry-house, ice-house, carriage house, large storage-house, two large frame tobacco barns, large frame stock house, all in good and neat condition, with handsome picket fence around both yard and garden; there is also on said premises two good tenement houses, distant from each other, with good frame stables and all necessary out-buildings, with wells or springs of purest water.

Also an old apple orchard of excellent fruit, and young apple orchard of over 1,000 trees, three years old, of choicest fruit obtainable from our Kentucky nurseries, and peach trees, budded and seedlings, in abundance.

Also, on said premises, a No. 1 stationary circular saw mill, 20-horse power, double return flued boiler, lath saws, grist mill, and first-class sour mash copper distillery of four barrels per day capacity attached thereto, with ware house, corn-house, office, Fairbanks scales, power sheller, and every other convenience for business, all of which are as good as new and in perfect running order, and work like a charm.

I will sell the whole improvement together, or will sell the saw mill and distillery together or apart, or will divide the farm, which is well adapted to division, to suit the purchaser, all on the most reasonable terms, and would exchange, in part, for property in the city of Henderson.

For further information see S. M. Winstead, Louisville, Ky.; W. H. Perkins, Owensboro, Ky.; Wm. [illegible] stead, near premises. A. S. WINSTEAD.

Henderson, Ky., May 20, 1871. je11 wtf

MEDICINES.

WARNER'S PILE REMEDY.

Warner's Pile Remedy has never failed (not even in one case) to cure the very worst cases of blind, itching, or bleeding piles. Those who are afflicted should immediately call on their druggist and get it, for it will, with the first application, instantly afford complete relief, and a few following applications are only required to effect a permanent cure without any trouble or inconvenience in its use.

Warner's Pile Remedy is expressly for the piles and is not recommended to cure any other diseases. It has cured many cases of over 30 years' standing. Price $1. For sale by druggists everywhere.

NO MORE WEAK NERVES.

Warner's Dyspepsia Tonic is prepared expressly for dyspeptics and those suffering from weak nerves with habitual constipation. There are very few who have not employed physicians for years to remedy what this preparation will do in a few weeks, by strengthening the nerves, enriching the circulation, restoring digestion, giving strength mentally and physically, enabling those who may have been confined for years to their rooms as invalids to again resume their occupations and all the duties of life. One trial is all we ask to enable this remedy to recommend itself to the most skeptical. It is a slightly stimulating tonic and a splendid appetizer; it strengthens the stomach and restores the digestive organs and digestion to a normal healthy state. Weak, nervous and dyspeptic persons should use Warner's Dyspepsia Tonic For sale by druggists. Price $1.

COUGH no MORE.

Warner's Cough Balsam is healing, softening, and expectorating. The extraordinary power it possesses in immediately relieving, and eventually curing, the most obstinate cases of coughs, colds, sore throat, bronchitis, influenza, catarrh, hoarseness, asthma and consumption is almost incredible. So prompt is the relief and certain its effects in all the above cases, or any affection of the throat and lungs, that thousands of physicians are daily prescribing it, and one and all say that it is the most healing and expectorating medicine known. One dose always affords relief, and in most cases one bottle effects a cure. Sold by all druggists in large bottles Price $1. It is your own fault if you still cough or suffer. The balsam will cure.

WINE OF LIFE.

The great blood purifier and delicious drink, Warner's Vinum Vitæ, or Wine of Life, is free from any poisonous drugs or impurities, being prepared for those who require a stimulant. It is a splendid appetizer and tonic, and the finest thing in the world for purifying the blood. It is the most pleasant and delicious article ever offered to the public—far superior to brandy, whisky, wine, bitters, or any other article. It is more healthy and cheaper. Both male and female, young or old, can take the Wine of Life. It is, in fact, a life preserver. Those who wish to enjoy good health and a free flow of lively spirits will do well to take the Wine of Life. It is different from anything ever before in use. It is sold by all druggists. Price $1, in quart bottles.

EMMENAGOGUE.

Warner's Emmenagogue is the only article known to cure the whites (it will cure in every case.) Where is the family in which this important medicine is not wanted? Mothers, this is the greatest blessing ever offered you, and you should immediately procure it. It is also a sure cure for female irregularities, and it may be depended upon in every case where the monthly flow has been obstructed through cold or disease. Sold by druggists. Price $1.

Warner's Vinum Vitæ, or WINE OF LIFE.

This Wine is prepared to take the place of all other Bitters or Liquors known to be made up of Fusil Oil and other deleterious articles. The Wine of Life is distilled with great care, especially for those who require a healthy stimulant, and for the use of Medical Men and Nurses in the sick-room, in place of the villainous liquors now in use, and so often depended upon. In fact it is a constant complaint of Physicians that it is quite impossible to procure pure stimulant liquors for their patients. We ask the Medical faculty and the public to give Warner's Vinum Vitæ or Wine of Life a trial, and we ask

CHEMISTS AND PHYSICIANS TO ANALYZE IT,

Then speak of it according to its merits, compare it with Whisky, Bitters, Brandy and other such articles, and see the difference. If they find the Wine of Life to be pure and wholesome, and the other liquors poisonous (which they certainly will do), then they are morally bound to prescribe and recommend the Wine of Life to their patients and friends as the best stimulant and tonic in use, and should they find it not pure and what the proprietor claims for it, let them publicly denounce it. It is the physician's duty to learn and find out which is the more wholesome stimulant for his patients, and so to examine and look into the quality of each article, and learn for himself if the Wine of Life has any peculiar merits to warrant its general use. The proprietor claims the Wine of Life to be more wholesome and far

Superior and Cheaper THAN WHISKY OR BRANDY,

or in fact any other article in common use, and ought to be used in every family. Everybody should give it a trial. It is a new thing, only been in use about one year, yet it has already gained a great name and a wonderful sale, and whoever once tries it will always recommend it to their friends. It is peculiarly pleasant, even delicious, and any one would be pleased to take whisky, etc., if he can get the Wine of Life. It is for sale by druggists everywhere, in quart bottles. Price One Dollar. We challenge the world to produce a purer, cheaper, and nicer article than

Warner's Vinum Vitæ, or WINE OF LIFE.

PUBLIC LIBRARY.

BY authority of a special Act of the Legislature of Kentucky, of March 16, 1871, the Trustees of the Public Library of Kentucky will give a

GRAND GIFT CONCERT AT Louisville, Ky., [illegible] ON Tuesday, October 31, 1871,

Under the direction of the best Musical Talent [illegible] can be procured. [illegible]

TICKETS OF ADMISSION

$10 EACH, IN CURRENCY.

Each ticket will have attached to it four coupons of the denomination of $2 50 each. The holder of [illegible] concert and to the whole amount of the gift awarded to it by lot. The holder of each coupon will be entitled to admission to the concert and to one-fourth of the amount of such gift as may be awarded to the whole ticket to which it belongs.

To provide funds for this Grand Concert, and for the benefit of the Public Library of Kentucky, 100,000 Tickets will be sold at $10 each, Currency.

The Citizens' Bank of Kentucky Is Treasurer and Depository.

Immediately after the Concert the sum of

$550,000 IN CURRENCY,

PRINCIPAL GIFT

$100,000,

Will be distributed by lot to the holders of Tickets in the following

GIFTS, VIZ:

| | |
|---|---|
| One Grand Gift of | $100,000 |
| One Gift of | 50,000 |
| One Gift of | 25,000 |
| One Gift of | 20,000 |
| One Gift of | 19,000 |
| One Gift of | 18,000 |
| One Gift of | 17,000 |
| One Gift of | 16,000 |
| One Gift of | 15,000 |
| One Gift of | 14,000 |
| One Gift of | 13,000 |
| One Gift of | 12,000 |
| One Gift of | 11,000 |
| One Gift of | 10,000 |
| One Gift of | 9,000 |
| One Gift of | 8,000 |
| One Gift of | 7,000 |
| One Gift of | 6,000 |
| One Gift of | 5,000 |
| One Gift of | 4,000 |
| One Gift of | 3,000 |
| One Gift of | 2,000 |
| Ten Gifts of $1,000 each | 10,000 |
| Fifteen Gifts of $900 each | 13,500 |
| Eighteen Gifts of $800 each | 14,400 |
| Twenty Gifts of $700 each | 14,000 |
| Twenty-five Gifts of $600 each | 15,000 |
| Thirty Gifts of $500 each | 15,000 |
| Forty Gifts of $400 each | 16,000 |
| Forty-five Gifts of $300 each | 13,500 |
| Fifty Gifts of $200 each | 10,000 |
| 446 Gifts of $100 each | 44,600 |
| 721 Prizes in all | $550,000 |

After paying the expenses of the enterprise and making the distribution of the gifts, the balance of the proceeds arising from the sale of tickets will be appropriated to the establishment of a

Free Library

In Louisville, to be called the

PUBLIC LIBRARY OF KENTUCKY.

By the provisions of the charter this library is to be forever free to the gratuitous use and enjoyment of every citizen, and it is the purpose of the trustees to raise a fund sufficient to secure a suitable building, to place in it books enough to form the nucleus of a magnificent library, and to so endow it as to enable it to buy the current publications as they come out, and to be self-sustaining. The concert and distribution will take place under the immediate supervision of the trustees named in the act of incorporation, who are as follows:

TRUSTEES.

THOS. E. BRAMLETTE, late Governor of Ky.
HENRY WATTERSON, Editor Courier-Journal.
W. N. HALDEMAN, President Courier-Journal Co.
BENJAMIN CASSEDAY, of the Daily Commercial.
GEO. P. DOERN, Proprietor Anzeiger.
H. M. McCARTY, of the Daily Ledger.
J. S. CAIN, Clerk Jefferson Court of Common Pleas
M. W. CLUSKY, Author Political Text Book.
R. T. DURRETT, of the Louisville Bar.

The trustees will be assisted by the following well-known and eminent citizens of Kentucky, who have consented to be present at the concert and to superintend the drawing and distribution of gifts:

SUPERVISORS.

Hon. JOSHUA F. BULLITT, late Chief Justice of Kentucky.
Hon. H. J. STITES, Judge Jefferson Court of Common Pleas.
Hon. T. B. COCHRAN, Chancellor Louisville Chancery Court.
Hon. H. W. BRUCE, Judge Jefferson Circuit Court.
Hon. W. B. HOKE, Judge Jefferson County Court.
Hon. J. G. BAXTER, Mayor of Louisville.
Hon. T. L. BURNETT, Louisville City Attorney.
HENRY WOLFORD, City Treasurer Louisville.
Hon. B. J. WEBB, Senator of Kentucky.
Col. G. C. WHARTON, U. S. District Attorney.
Col. PHIL LEE, Pros. Att'y Ninth Judicial District
Gen. J. T. BOYLE, President N., H. & E. R. R.
Dr. T. S. BELL, Prof. Med. University Louisville.
Col. JILSON P. JOHNSON, Proprietor Galt House.
Hon. J. PROCTOR KNOTT, late Member Congress.
A. O. BRANNIN, President Louisville Board of Trade.
JAMES BRIDGEFORD, President Second National Bank.
ANDREW GRAHAM, Tobacco and Cotton Merchant.

The following are the officers of the Public Library of Kentucky:

| | |
|---|---|
| R. T. DURRETT | President. |
| W. N. HALDEMAN | Vice President. |
| M. W. CLUSKEY | Secretary. |
| CITIZENS' BANK | Treasurer. |

The holders of tickets to which gifts are awarded will be paid on presentation at the office in Louisville, Ky. Tickets will be for sale at the office in Louisville on the

First of July, 1871.

A liberal discount will be allowed when 100, 500, or 1,000 tickets are purchased in a lot. All orders accompanied by remittances will be promptly attended to and the tickets returned by mail registered or by express, as ordered.

The undersigned, late principal business manager of the very successful Mercantile Library Gift Concert at San Francisco, California, has been appointed agent and manager of the Gift Concert in aid of the Public Library of Kentucky.

The drawing will take place in public, and everything will be done to satisfy buyers of tickets that their interests will be as well protected as if they personally superintended the entire affair.

CHARLES H. PETERS,
Louisville, Ky.

N. B.—Buyers will note that there are one hundred thousand less tickets than in the San Francisco Gift Concert and $50,000 more money distributed in gifts. ap26 [illegible]

$10 A DAY [illegible] A PREMIUM HORSE [illegible] HENDERSON & CO., [illegible] Mo.

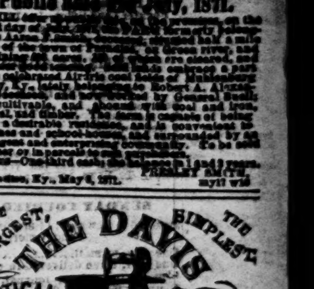
FOR SALE.

Public Sale 22d July, 1871.

I WILL [illegible] of the celebrated Airdrie coal lands of Muhlenburg county, [illegible] belonging to Robert A. Alexander, [illegible] are cultivable, and abound with coal and iron, mineral, and timber. The farm is capable of being made a desirable residence, and is convenient to churches and school-houses, and surrounded by an intelligent, refined, and moral community. To be sold together or in parcels to suit purchasers.

Terms—One-third cash; the balance in 1 and 2 years.

Paradise, Ky., May 8, 1871. PRESLEY SMITH. my17 wtf



It combines all the desirable qualities of the Standard Machines in the market. In its Capacity—being the LARGEST Family Machine made. In its Simplicity—being composed of but [illegible] WORKING PARTS. In its Adaptability to a wide range of work. In its Ease of Operation—running light and quiet, and being easily comprehended. In its Superior Construction and Beauty of Style and Finish. BUT ITS PRINCIPAL FEATURE IS ITS VERTICAL FEED! Which is the most essential and desirable device for the purpose possessed by any Machine. [illegible]

THE DAVIS has been before the public nearly Ten Years, and, unlike other Machines, has [illegible] notoriety, but [illegible] great reputation on account of its many desirable qualities.

☞ Agents are desired in every county in the United States and Canadas, not already occupied, to whom the most liberal terms known to the trade will be given by addressing the manufacturers.

THE DAVIS SEWING MACHINE COMPANY, of Watertown, N. Y.

Branch office 163 West Fourth st., Cincinnati, O. ap12 w3w13

L. D. SINE'S GIFT ENTERPRISE

$100,000 IN VALUABLE GIFTS!

TO BE DISTRIBUTED IN

L. D. SINE'S

36th Semi-Annual

GIFT ENTERPRISE!

To be drawn Tuesday, July 4, 1871.

One Prize $10,000 in Greenbacks!
Five Prizes $1,000 each in Greenbacks!
Six Prizes $500 each in Greenbacks!

Family Carriages with Silver-mounted Harness; Horses and Buggies; Rosewood Pianos; Sewing-Machines, &c.

1500 Gold and Silver Lever Hunting Watches, worth from $20 to $300 each!

Silver-plated Castors, Solid Silver and Double-plated Table and Tea Spoons, Silver Vest Chains, Photograph Albums, Ladies' Gold Breast-Pins, Gents' Gold Breast-Pins, Finger-Rings, Gold Pens (silver extension), etc.

Whole Number of Gifts 10,000!

TICKETS LIMITED TO 50,000!

☞ Agents wanted to sell tickets, to whom liberal premiums will be paid.

Single Tickets, $1; 6 Tickets, $5; 13 Tickets $10; 35 Tickets $20.

Circulars, containing a full list of prizes, a description of the manner of drawing, and other information in reference to the Distribution, will be sent to any one ordering them.

All letters must be addressed to L. D. SINE, Box 86, Cincinnati, O.

Office 101 W. Fifth st. my31 wt

WATER WHEEL

POWER PLEDGED.

Equal to any Overshot, with N. F. BURNHAM'S NEW TURBINE.

☞ Illustrated, Descriptive Pamphlet and Price List, for 1871, sent free by N. F. BURNHAM, York, Pennsylvania. ap13 w6m

WASHINGTON HOTEL,

Seventh and Chestnut Sts., PHILADELPHIA.

HAS been thoroughly renovated, refitted, and newly furnished by GEORGE J. BOLTON, Proprietor of Bolton's Hotel, Harrisburg, Penn., and Columbia House, Cape May, N. J. ap6 w6m

WINTERSMITH'S

IODIZED

Sarsaparilla and Stillingia

FOR THE CURE OF

All Diseases Arising from an Impure State of the Blood,

SUCH AS

Scrofula or King's Evil,
Cutaneous Diseases,
Rheumatic Diseases,
Syphilis,
Mercurial Diseases,
Dyspepsia,
Costiveness,
Liver Complaint,
Loss of Appetite,
Pimples on the Face,
Boils,
Erysipelas,
Sore Eyes,
Scald-Head,
Tetter Affections,
General Debility,
Low Spirits,
Female Complaints, &c.

This preparation is a concentrated Fluid Extract of Honduras Sarsaparilla and Queen's Root or Stillingia, containing in solution a neutral salt of Iodine, with aromatics and sugar sufficient to render palatable. The well-known alterative properties of these articles is secured by carefully selecting the crude drugs, for, in the case of Sarsaparilla, it is a well-known fact that at least nine-tenths of the root on [illegible] entirely inert from bad handling or age. Fortunately it is easily known. By chewing a little of the root, if good, a prickly sensation is produced in the throat which remains for hours. If it does not produce this effect, it is worthless. I use none that has not been carefully tested. Good Stillingia is more easily gotten, but, like Sarsaparilla, may lose its efficacy by improper treatment in the efforts to extract its active principle. The process must be carefully performed by a competent person fully informed as to the conditions required to secure a perfect result.

What I Claim as Meritorious in This Compound

is that it contains the medicinal principles of GOOD Sarsaparilla and Stillingia, carefully extracted by the most approved and scientific process, and is made the vehicle to contain the Iodine salt in a condition not liable to be affected by time or decomposed by the chemical action of any other of the articles with which it is associated; but, on the contrary, they become valuable adjuncts to its alterative action.

Practitioners Are Fully Aware of the Value of Such a Combination as This,

and also of the difficulty of getting it prepared so as to retain all the virtues of the crude fresh drug. This I have secured, and therefore offer it with confidence to the profession.

NOT AS A SECRET NOSTRUM,

but setting forth all its component parts, the proportions sufficiently indicated by the directions.

In the use of alterative medicines, no decided effect must be looked for in a short time. They act slowly, and require persistent and regular use. However,

The Use of a Single Bottle of This Preparation Will Indicate Its Curative Virtues

sufficiently to encourage the patient to continue taking until entirely relieved. The class of diseases in which they are used does not admit of heroic treatment.

This preparation is not intended for a beverage, as some sarsaparillas are taken.

BUT IS A POWERFUL MEDICINE!

containing one bottle, though not as large as others on the market, more of the extract of Sarsaparilla than there is in a dozen of the worthless compounds of flavored molasses and spirits which generally are offered to the public as Sarsaparilla and Blood Purifiers.

The Great Blood Purifier,

Contains three grains Iodide Potash to the dose. A certain cure for all diseases arising from an impure state of the blood. It is not a secret nostrum, but is prescribed and recommended by all intelligent physicians.

Price, $1 00 per bottle; six bottles for $5 00.

Stillingia, or Queen's Root—Commonly Called Queen's Delight—Extract from U. S. Dispensatory.

"It is an indigenous perennial plant, grows in the pine barrens from Virginia to Florida, flowering in May and June. From the reports in its favor there is no reason to doubt the efficacy of this medicine in scrofula, secondary syphilis, cutaneous diseases, chronic hepatic affections, and other complaints ordinarily benefited by alterative medicines. Stillingia is advantageously combined with sarsaparilla and other alteratives." At this season of the year the system naturally undergoes a change, and a good blood purifier will be found an assistant of the greatest value. Wintersmith's Iodized Sarsaparilla and Stillingia is unequaled as an alterative and blood purifier. It has all the virtues of the best Honduras Sarsaparilla and of Stillingia, with three grains of Iodide of Potash to the dose. Every bottle contains fifty six doses, making it not only the best but the cheapest alterative in the market. It is prescribed and recommended by our leading physicians.

WINTERSMITH'S

IODIZED

Sarsaparilla and Stillingia,

The Great Blood Purifier!

PREPARED BY

C. H. Wintersmith, Louisville, Ky.

☞ For sale by all Druggists. Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5.

# Courier-Journal.

LOUISVILLE, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 21, 1871.

## Democratic State Ticket.

Governor—PRESTON H. LESLIE, of Barren.
Lieut. Gov.—JOHN G. CARLISLE, of Kenton.
Attorney General—JOHN RODMAN, of Franklin.
Aud. Pub. Acc'ts—D. HOWARD SMITH, of Owen.
Treasurer—JAMES W. TATE, of Franklin.
Sup. Pub. Ins.—Rev. H. A. M. HENDERSON, Fayette.
Register Land Office—J. ALEXANDER GRANT.
Election Monday, August 7, 1871.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

### DAILY COURIER-JOURNAL.

| | |
|---|---|
| One year | $12 00 |
| Six months | 6 00 |
| Three months | 3 25 |
| One month | 1 25 |

To city subscribers, per week, 25 cents, payable to the carrier, or $13 per year when paid at the office. To News Agents at three cents per copy.

### SUNDAY COURIER-JOURNAL.

Devoted to News and Literature, and issued every Sunday morning.

| | |
|---|---|
| One year, by mail | $2 00 |
| One year, when delivered in city | 2 50 |

The Daily Courier-Journal, including Sunday issue, by mail, $14 00 a year; delivered to city subscribers, $15 50 a year.

### WEEKLY COURIER-JOURNAL.

| | |
|---|---|
| Single copy, one year | $2 00 |
| Single copy, six months | 1 25 |
| Five to ten copies, one year, each | 1 75 |
| Ten to twenty copies, one year, each | 1 65 |
| Twenty copies and over, one year, each | 1 50 |

An extra copy is allowed the club agent for every club of ten at $1 65 each, and an additional extra copy for every additional ten subscribers; and an extra copy is allowed for every club of twenty at $1 50 each, and an additional extra copy for every additional twenty subscribers. After one full club has been made up, additions from time to time may be made singly at the same rate.

### Payments Always to be Made in Advance.

Money may be sent in postoffice orders or bank drafts or checks or by express. We wish it distinctly understood that we will not be responsible for money lost in its transmission to us by mail.

☞ Specimen copies sent gratis on application.

All letters should be addressed to

COURIER-JOURNAL COMPANY,
118 and 120 West Jefferson street,
Louisville, Ky.

Proceedings of lodges or meetings on the death of individuals, or pertaining to matters not of general public interest, and obituary notices must be paid for as advertisements. No attention will be paid such communications unless accompanied by the money.

### Notice to Subscribers.

In making remittances for subscriptions or advertising, always, when practicable, send drafts or checks or postoffice orders. When these cannot be procured, send the money, but always in a *registered letter*. We wish it distinctly understood we will not be responsible for money lost in its transmission to us by mail, unless it is in a duly registered letter.

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The Hon. THOMAS C. MCCREERY telegraphs us that he is so indisposed as to be unable to continue in the field, and directs us to withdraw all his unfilled appointments.

Important elections are to be held in several of the States next fall. Maine, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Maryland, Georgia, Louisiana, Kentucky, Ohio, Iowa, Minnesota and California, will each elect a Governor. In October Pennsylvania elects an Auditor and Surveyor General, and in November New York elects a Secretary of State. Several State conventions meet within the next few days—the Republican conventions of Ohio and of Iowa, and both the Democratic and Republican conventions of Maine. Both parties in *California* will hold their conventions the present month.

## Vallandigham.

The taking off of no man, since the murder of ABRAHAM LINCOLN, has created as much sensation as the death of Mr. VALLANDIGHAM. Twice in his life he was a fore-figure in the presence of the American people. There used to be a joke among printers about the middle of the year 1868, when Vicksburg and VALLANDIGHAM furnished the principal topics of newspaper disquisition, that the box in the compositor's case which contained the letter "V" was quite exhausted. Undoubtedly, within the last few weeks, the name of VALLANDIGHAM has been more frequently used than the name of any other American; yet its owner was a plain, unostentatious citizen, living in a rural town, and enjoying no official place, distinction or patronage. What was it?

Mr. VALLANDIGHAM was a rarely acute, self-possessed and cultivated man. He wrote well; he spoke well; and if need be he fought well. He was a man of nerve and judgment, of grit and sagacity. In exterior cold, in manner selfish, in spirit certainly self-willed, he had a strong, a vehement nature and signal gifts of intrepidity and forecast. He made mistakes—assuredly—but he had the peculiar gift of making even his mistakes redound to his advantage. In spite of the cry of "mad dog," which was raised against him during the war, he stood well with the Republicans, and, in our judgment, was the strongest Democrat in Ohio. It is absurd to speak of him as an impracticable. He was a most practicable man, and, by this very agency, allied to his force of character, he has controlled the national Democracy for ten years. He made SEYMOUR the nominee in 1868, after he had failed with CHASE, his first and wiser choice. He would have made the nominee in 1872 had he lived, and he has made the platform. His Dayton resolutions will be the groundwork of our next campaign, and, though VALLANDIGHAM did not originate the idea, he proved himself the first politician who possessed the courage and acumen to formulize the idea into a distinct and definite plan of action. It was this quality—this exceptional union of pluck and forecast—which made VALLANDIGHAM—a country lawyer—a retired Congressman—the foremost politician of his day.

In his person, Mr. VALLANDIGHAM was quick and nervous, yet ungushing. He was no quack or pretender. He wrote as he spoke, with great plainness and lack of mere display. But he was at times an eloquent, as he was always an intense, actor, writer, thinker and speaker, and made his mark upon everybody with whom he came in contact.

When he was sent as an exile across the line into the South he was put to a severe test. The act was in every way unjust and calculated to upset the most equal temperament. It did not jostle the equilibrium of Mr. VALLANDIGHAM. He bore himself in the Confederate camp—he bore himself in Southern households where he was a guest—with exceeding dignity and tact. Nothing could more clearly demonstrate his claim to respect as a clever man—we will not say a sincere one—than his uncommon delicacy of bearing under these adverse circumstances; his moderation; his non-committalism; his thorough manliness and gentlemanhood. He impressed every one without sacrificing one iota of his character for integrity as a Union man, as a patriot, as an American, as a hero, as an astute partisan.

In his private life Mr. VALLANDIGHAM was a student, a worker, who had no vicious habits and labored unceasingly. In appearance he was striking rather than handsome or prepossessing. Neither a sloven nor a fop, he realized the idea of the middle class, representative American, with [illegible] and brains, and, had he lived, would have played a conspicuous figure in our politics for many years to come.

His death, and the unhappy circumstances attending it, are, perhaps, fortunate for his memory. He could not have died at a more fortunate time or selected more auspicious surroundings. The occasion, like his own temperament, is intensely dramatic. The details imbed themselves upon the popular imagination. VALLANDIGHAM has been for years a household word in this country. It will be, in a sense, a household memory.

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☞ The Count DE CHAMBORD is described as having a "diluted look in the eyes." Perhaps it's Thiers the Count has in his eyes.

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☞ The Southern people do not enjoy graveyards, but they could appreciate silent TOOMBS.

## Mr. Toombs and Mr. Greeley.

HORACE GREELEY, take him for all in all, is perhaps the most liberal and courageous of the leading members of the Republican party. No one will deny him first-rate ability, and few will question the genuineness of his political convictions. He is a peculiar man, in some respects a weak one, but as a thinker, writer and speaker [illegible] nor intrepidity. The larger part of his career was passed in a hopeless minority, and he displayed in adversity a self-reliance, hardihood and consistency very rare to find among his associates. Since he has been a power in a dominant party he has shown himself moderate at the same time that he has been firm. He will never be President; but, in spite of a quizzical humor that surrounds the suggestion, there is a strong impression on the public mind that we might get a worse President.

His Union-square speech, published in yesterday's COURIER-JOURNAL, is a telling and manly and sagacious view of the situation. No reasonable Southerner can quarrel with it. Those who will pick most flaws in it will be the Republicans themselves. Its rough sketch of carpet-baggery, its generous but wise allusion to LEE and JACKSON, its nationality of tone, all go home to the heart of peace-seeking people and affront only that radicalism which is founded upon a sentiment of eternal hate.

We do not expect Mr. GREELEY to quit the house of his life-long friends. But his testimony is valuable to the interests of those who would restore our country its union and our people their liberties on an equal basis; and it would be powerful if it were not met and neutralized by such emanations as that from Mr. TOOMBS, of Georgia, which appeared in the same issue of the COURIER-JOURNAL.

Mr. TOOMBS is not a madman. He is a brilliant monologist, who likes to hear himself talk, a selfish and enormous sensationalist, a showy and unthinking egotist. Reflecting men may see in his splendid and vulgar gabble what the thorough-going red-hot elements really mean. Mr. TOOMBS does not accept anything. He does not recognize any military defeat or surrender. He refuses to admit any constitutional amendments. He scouts all civilization that is not founded on caste. He looks to see the South regain her footing, resume the fight for independence and succeed. To do the ex-Senator justice, his rhodomontade is characteristic. He conceals nothing. Whatever is uppermost in his mind tumbles out, and as his mind is unusually full it is perpetually casting out odds and ends of philosophy, scraps of eloquence and mother wit, fancies, figures and what not for the edification of listeners. It is like a theatrical rag-bag stuffed with stars and shoe-buckles, gilt sword-hilts and gold tassels, plumes, hose, nibs of tallow candles, cigar ends and wigs,—a queer riffraff and entertaining if one has time to stop and see it unpacked.

Mr. TOOMBS has of course an epigrammatic turn, like Mr. GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN. That was a fine burst of scornful, valorous and irritating bravado in which he told the North that he would call the roll of his slaves under the shadow of Bunker Hill Monument. But what has it come to? Mr. TOOMBS has not a slave in the world now, and that is the result of his epigram. He told us in 1861 that one Southern man was a match for six Yankees; that cotton was king; that a blockade was ridiculous; that slavery was the corner-stone of empire and civilization; and his words were as stately, pungent and daring as the intensest dramatic style could exact. To what import?

Mr. TOOMBS is equally rash and red-hot now. Mr. DAVIS says that he accepts nothing. Mr. DAVIS says that he does not despair of the "lost cause." But Mr. DAVIS is vague by comparison with Mr. TOOMBS, who interprets the oracle. "There is hope for Greece yet," says Mr. TOOMBS; and he goes on to predict that the South will renew the fight and win it. He wants no reconstruction. He wants no immigration. All that he wants is slavery and the Southern Confederacy; and this is, in plain words, precisely what the Memphis Appeal and its followers want, if they know what they are about and mean anything at all.

Those who are sincere in accepting Mr. TOOMBS' view of the situation are simply monomaniacs, and those who are not sincere are something worse than demagogues. They are all radical emissaries, conscious or unconscious, and are working to destroy the Democratic party. If there be any good in their crazy ravings, let them go on. If they be honest, let them go on. But we say to the Southern people, in sober earnestness, that these few impracticables are rapidly destroying us. If the South prefers this species of destruction, we cannot help it. Our hands are clear of it.

We call popular attention to Mr. GREELEY'S speech and Mr. TOOMBS' conversation. One the people of the South consider an enemy. The other they consider a friend. GREELEY talks of peace and amnesty. TOOMBS talks of war and slavery. Which is best for us? Which is practicable? Which is rational?

BEN. BUTLER talks just like TOOMBS; only BUTLER means to subject the South and TOOMBS means to play havoc with the North. They play into each other's hands. They mutually support each other and supply suggestions each to each; and both run on unceasingly, trippingly and recklessly. They exercise their right, certainly; for freedom of speech is vouchsafed every man, and it is, perhaps, well enough that every man should have his say. It is for the intelligence of the country, however—for the people—to sift the wheat from the chaff.

We expect nothing of Mr. GREELEY. We look to see the *Tribune* as ultra as ever. But Mr. GREELEY'S speech is evidence which we offer against the rabid utterances of TOOMBS and BUTLER, whose premises agree exactly, and who would merely work out different conclusions.

What is Mr. TOOMBS' motive? Apart from vanity and mere show and noise, it is to defeat every movement that is not directed by himself and his faction. He and they want to defeat the Democratic party this fall in Ohio and Pennsylvania, because the Democratic party in those States have planted themselves on live issues, without consulting him and them. This is it. If they cannot rule the party they mean to ruin it, regardless of the South, regardless of the people, whom they have nearly ruined already, whose interests they have always sacrificed, whose confidence they have always betrayed in the most heartless manner.

We appeal to the reason of Southern men against the mockery of these charlatans and demagogues. Our future as a people, our Constitution, our peace, our liberties are in the balance. Good men everywhere are striving to save us, whilst these bad men are doing all they can do to sink us deeper down into the abyss to which their own reckless leadership has consigned us. We owe Mr. TOOMBS nothing but distrust. All his vaporings have come to grief. All his prophecies have been contradicted. If he is sincere, he is a lunatic. If he is not sincere, may God forgive his crime against the living and the dead.

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☞ A disease they call spotted fever is killing many valuable horses in New York. If it should kill Dexter and Dexter's death should kill BONNER and BONNER'S death should kill the Ledger and the death of the Ledger should paralyze the pens of FANNY FERN and SYLVANUS CORNCOBB, the glory of American literature would be at an end. For goodness' sake let the veterinary surgeons of New York spread themselves.

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☞ COLFAX'S recent dangerous illness is said to have been brought on by writing letters. What must have been the effect on the miserable wretches who got the letters is too horrible to contemplate.

## The Struggle of the Impracticables.

Never was a political organization exposed to such disadvantages as the Democratic party has to encounter upon the threshold of the approaching national campaign. The Bourbons, representing an [illegible] rather than red-hot principle, are making their last, desperate struggle for existence. They feel that the success of the Democracy on a platform which contradicts their wishes and predictions will be the end of them, as indeed it would be, and, and having failed to impress their crack-brained theories upon the mass of their associates, they have begun a systematic howl, which is intended to destroy what they were unable to control.

This work of incendiarism thus begun inside of the Democratic party is carried on openly or covertly, according to the situation of the agent employed to do its bidding, and varies in effrontery as it grades itself downward from Mr. TOOMBS, who is for another war, to the penny-trumpet that has courage only to make a feeble paper fight against the three amendments.

If the gratification of our feelings be our first and highest aim in life—if we prefer to sentimentalize over the past than to live, move and have our being in the present—if we choose to dwell upon a cause which is lost instead of addressing ourselves to a cause that may be won—why, we have the right to do as we please. No one is going to hinder us. Mr. DAVIS may deliver as many dreamy oracles as he sees fit; Mr. TOOMBS may talk Kuklux from now until doomsday; and the Memphis Appeal may perform its patent ecstasies and explode its mechanical heroics every day in the year. The Radicals will be only the better pleased. Nay; if such things be the purpose of political existence, why not? If it satisfies the silly vanity of a distempered and decaying imagination to declare in lofty sentences that a cause is not lost, which has at least nothing to be gained, who shall forbid? The independence of the South would be better than its dependence certainly; and we, like Mr. TOOMBS, look to that. But our methods are different. *His* plan has been tried already and has failed. If the South, armed, inspirited, prepared, and having the impulse of victory on her side, could not succeed, what chance have we now of appealing to the sword when we have been stripped of our equipment, when we have been shorn of our prestige, when we are divided among ourselves and hedged round by a power which has increased fourfold in ten years?

But if we entertain such a purpose, as Mr. TOOMBS and Mr. DAVIS would have timid people believe, what is the meaning of our appeal to the ballot-box and our association with peaceful Democrats who on a war issue are ready to fight us again as they fought us before, and who would have the additional motive of our treachery to fight us harder and fiercer if we should a second time sacrifice them to the Radicals? We owe something to association. Either we should detach ourselves from the Northern Democracy or else we should cease to compromise their interests.

Mr. TOOMBS is for the independence of the South. So are we. He is for war. *We are not.* He has deceived us in every way. His opinions are worthless. His prophecies are gibberish. We have no faith in him or in his promises, and he would fare better if the world could forget that he ever lived in it. His fellow-citizens have every reason to hate him; and no organization can regard him with anything but dread. This is not a time for agitation, and Mr. TOOMBS is only an agitator. This is a time for peace, and Mr. TOOMBS is a man of war. We look over the South and we see sacked homesteads and desecrated shrines and multitudes of premature graves—we see great old families impoverished—we see fine old institutions laid low—we see widows and orphans, that ought to be rich and prosperous, toiling for bread—we see the hand of a vindictive and powerful party raised and ready to strike, a hand that is able to crush the very heart of liberty to the earth, a hand that is able to keep the world at bay, a hand that has already struck down prop after prop in the old free constitutional fabric of the Union, and only wants new pretexts to continue its work of ruin and wrong—we see all this and we say, "Mr. TOOMBS, this is your work."

Is it not enough that he and his teachings have brought us to this? But no, he must needs continue to be a curse to his people while he lives; he must needs begin over again the dismal, heart-sickening, blood-stained, worn-out, delusive strain, whilst the enemies of his country dance for joy. To what purpose? Is Mr. TOOMBS another WALLENSTEIN who has only to flourish his creative wand and call into life disbanded armies and repeople and reilluminate desolate camps? We think not. But, if he were able to-morrow to reorganize the Confederate line what prospect would that offer but broil and battle, of which the country is sick unto death?

Not in that direction lies the coveted independence of the South. It lies in peaceful arts. That which will make us independent is that which will make us rich. We need money; money to build railroads; money to build cotton-mills; money to pay our debts. We need peace, order, quiet. We need occupation and population—occupation for the brawling followers of Mr. TOOMBS, and population to aid us to compete with our rivals. We can never regain our political ascendancy so long as we are sullen and poor and are led by these misfortunes to listen to the bilious and belated jargon of Mr. TOOMBS. He has cost us enough already. We trusted him; we honored him. We can afford nothing more, and we repudiate him. He and his faction may lose us another election. They may lose us Ohio and Pennsylvania, which are the immediate objects of their rage. But time, we hope, will make all things even, and Mr. TOOMBS himself cannot live forever.

On these points we write warmly, for, in our judgment the conduct of a half dozen impracticables is putting in serious peril both the present and the future. There is not a newspaper of the slightest credit or influence in the North that does not indorse the Ohio and Pennsylvania platforms. There is not a Democratic convention in the North that will not adopt precisely the same platforms. It is as certain as anything can be that has not yet come to pass that the National Democratic Convention next year will reaffirm this now thoroughly accepted party creed. Is all this nothing? Are men who call themselves Democrats going to sacrifice great national interests to gratify a petty local feeling? We in Kentucky are safe. We have a clear majority. Do we care nothing for our friends across the river who are struggling against odds? Is this reckless and selfish disregard of everything but our own passions the stuff which our Democracy is made of? We leave it to the good feeling and common sense of Democrats to say, confident that they will support our earnest and persistent effort to unite and strengthen our organization, and indifferent to the malice of those who have from the first sought, under cover of a specious and utterly false spirit, to break us down and divide the Democracy. All that has happened in two years has gainsaid them. The Democracy of the whole country stands at length on our platform, and now, having assailed us without effect, they are turning their guns on the party to which they have professed allegiance. Are the people, whose interests are being sacrificed, going to stand it?

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☞ The New York Tribune pronounces Austrian politics in a chronic state of crisis, and thinks the Hohenwart ministry is approaching its agony. The truth is they haven't any Tribune almanacs over in Austria to keep them informed about politics, and they haven't any "What I Know of Farming" to tell them how to remove Hohenwarts without trouble.

## Outside of the Democratic Party.

If Mr. DAVIS has a mind to speak, let him speak. It is his right. If Mr. TOOMBS has a mind to gabble, let him gabble. That is his right. We complain of neither. What we resist is the attempt to make the Democratic party responsible for their utterances.

In Europe the defeat of a revolutionary leader does not involve his silence if he survives his defeat. MAZZINI has been dealing out red radical thunderbolts these twenty years and more. But,—at a safe distance from Italy. In like manner, if Mr. DAVIS and Mr. TOOMBS wish to keep the memory of the Southern Confederacy current—if they wish to stir up the spirit of the Southern people to an ultimate renewal of the strife—and if they find it safe and profitable to engage in this work, we shall question only their wisdom.

They are not acting in the character of Democrats but in the character of revolutionists. Mr. DAVIS, for example, says he does not accept the situation. The Democratic party, and that portion of the Southern people co-operating with it, do accept the situation. Mr. TOOMBS says that he expects to see the achievement of Southern independence yet. In the sense implied the Democratic party looks in an opposite direction and is striving to restore and reunite the Union, which the Southern Confederacy was meant to destroy.

After years of broil and battle we have come back to a peace footing. The Democratic party, divided in 1860, is reorganizing in 1871, and it finds itself met by a few impracticables, like Mr. TOOMBS, who do not wish to see it either organized or successful. Mr. TOOMBS says Mr. VALLANDIGHAM is a scoundrel. Mr. TOOMBS says the Ohio platform is worse than the platform of the Radicals. We do not but we do protest against his being considered a Democrat, for that which he denounces is the only existing Democratic platform, and his words convey aid and comfort only to the Radicals. If Mr. TOOMBS is honest, and if his followers are honest, he and they should set up a new party representing their exact wants and ideas. The Democratic party does not answer the purpose and cannot be made to answer it. The views of Mr. JACOB THOMPSON and General FORREST with reference to this matter are in every way wise and practicable. If the Southern people cannot unite among themselves, and if the expressions of Southern men tend only to embarrass the Northern Democrats, it would be best for the South to hold aloof from participation in national politics. There certainly should be no fellowship without perfect sympathy and identity of purpose, and this can only be had, as far as the North is concerned, on the Ohio and Pennsylvania and Iowa platforms, which are the sure precursors of the general party platform next year. If the South is not willing to accept this the South had better not enter the field at all. The fight is to be made in the North, not in the South, and the South cannot in reason expect to dictate the terms on which it is to be waged and ought not to embarrass the combatants by foolish and premature outcries such as we have had from Mr. DAVIS, Mr. STEPHENS and Mr. TOOMBS.

Mr. DAVIS is characteristically heedless. Mr. TOOMBS is characteristically sensational. Mr. STEPHENS seems to have let go his hold upon hope and to have grown desperate under protracted ill health and misfortunes. The three are old men. They are not of our time. They have had their day. Shall *they* mark out a pathway for the young ambition of the South? Shall the fresh manhood of the country be saddled with their old notions and embarrassed by their antecedents? Every man to his generation. The world has furnished no example of a revolutionary leader outliving two revolutions and shaping both. There is a marked difference between the men who produce revolutions and the men whom revolutions produce. Mr. DAVIS and Mr. TOOMBS produced a revolution, which was not a success, and they are not suited to take the direction of affairs wrought by their own failure. Therefore, as Democratic counselors, we reject them. We decline to follow their advice and we desire not to be compromised by their fellowship. If there is another revolution in this country Mr. TOOMBS will not lead it. If there should be a reorganization of the Southern Confederacy to-morrow Mr. DAVIS would not be its chieftain. There is going to be no revolution just yet. There is going to be no Southern Confederacy. The fight before us is a fight for peace, a fight for constitutional law and order, to be made at the ballot-box. The Democratic party appeals from the passion of the people to their reason, and the emanations of Mr. TOOMBS and Mr. STEPHENS and Mr. DAVIS being the language of passion, only tend to defeat its good purpose.

As private citizens, we respect Mr. DAVIS, Mr. STEPHENS and Mr. TOOMBS; as men eminent in their day, we do them justice; as political associates, submitting to the recognized leadership of the present, we should be glad to have their friendly encouragement; but as monitors and captains, we must be pardoned for thinking them unfit on account of their age, their temperament and their peculiar position. So, we speak to them and of them freely and frankly, not meaning to be discourteous or unkind. They have done much to injure the cause of peace already. They have made a deal of capital for the Radicals. The North is even now ringing with them and their sayings and doings, and the Bourbon element of the Democratic party, which wants to see the party beaten on its liberal basis, is delighted at their work. As we decline to be guided by them, we have no right to advise them, and we only state the case as it appears from our point of observation. They will take their own course and are welcome to it, the Democratic party holding itself discharged from all responsibility.

In conclusion, we have to add that, whenever the sincerity of Southern intentions and the honor of Southern men and the solidity of Southern interests are at stake, we will go as far as the farthest, quite as far as Mr. DAVIS or Mr. TOOMBS, to preserve the name and fortune of the South. But nothing of the sort is now at stake. We are not engaged in a debate over the dead body of the Southern Confederacy. We are not engaged in a battle for any exclusively Southern property, belonging or right. We are engaged in an effort to drive back the forces of a new and dangerous revolution which has possession of the government, and which, having seriously compromised the liberties of one section of the Union, threatens and endangers the liberties of us all. In this effort the North has as large an issue as the South, and as the result is to be decided mainly on Northern ground, Northern interests and opinions must be consulted, and all proper and reasonable sacrifices made to serve the purpose sought. We have shown that no material sacrifice is asked of the South, and this circumstance makes us the readier to unite with our Northern friends at the same time that it makes us the more impatient of those impracticable spirits who would sacrifice everybody and everything at the bidding of an insane ebullition of sentiment and bad temper. If the Democratic party survives the rack to which it has been put by these turbulent spirits, it will prove itself the livest and hardiest institution of which political annals, ancient or modern, give any account. That it will survive is a hope which we entertain rather on account of what it has stood out against than from any general calculation as to vitality under difficulties.

Of one thing, however, we are certain, and that is the ultimate ascendancy of the peace spirit over the war spirit. We can not go on forever hating and persecuting one another. If there be one trait in the American character which is conspicuous, it is its sunny and active temper, which, when left to its own devices and desires, is disposed to render justice. If there be any vitality in American institutions, it will give this free and hearty spirit a chance to do the fair thing. So, with many forebodings, we are content to jog along and hope for the best, doing what we can to bring it about in the meantime. The result will surely be wrought in the end; but it could be worked out half again as soon if we could silence half a dozen guns that are perpetually going off at the breach instead of the muzzle, and crippling the friends of the South instead of pouring hot shot into the enemies of the Constitution.

## Democratic Unity.

For the willful and deliberate marplot who having failed to get his way, would destroy that which he could not control we have no compromise. The agitator who seeks to break up the harmony of the Democratic party solely to gratify his pride of opinion, and for this purpose would set up one standard in Kentucky and another elsewhere, ought to receive very short shrift from honest and intelligent Democrats. But there are thousands of sincere men who have been misled by the clamor and deceived by the false prophecies of the Bourbons, and for these we have only kind words and conciliation to offer.

We have fully demonstrated the futility of the fight against the three amendments. As long as the fight had any life in it we made it. No matter how they were adopted, and we think they were adopted by very corrupt appliances, those amendments were incorporated into the organic law of the land under the forms of established usage. They have gone into effect. By reason of the Thirteenth the negroes are free. By reason of the Fourteenth they are citizens. By reason of the Fifteenth they are voters. Can we deprive them of their freedom, of their citizenship or of the Fifteenth amendment would not deprive them of suffrage, because most of the States in their local constitutions have conferred that. A revolution would be required to deprive them of their liberty and their civil rights, and no one proposes that. So, where is the good in making an issue of a question which cannot be reached?

But we are told that it may be reached by the courts. Very well. Let it rest with the courts. Let the courts dispose of it. The lawyers and judges for it. But let us, as partisans, leave it alone. Until it is decided by the courts to be unconstitutional it is constitutional, a part of the law of the land which we are bound to recognize and obey, and that is the sum and substance of the "new departure," as foreshadowed by the Congressional address, as made plain and formulated by VALLANDIGHAM, and as urged late and early during two years of unexampled obloquy and misrepresentation by the COURIER-JOURNAL.

On the basis now laid down by the Democrats of Ohio, Pennsylvania and Iowa—a basis that arises out of a commonplace and obvious view of facts as they are and not as we would have them—a basis that underlies the whole Democratic fabric and is sure to form the groundwork of the next National Democratic platform—we ask right-thinking men of every antecedent opinion to place themselves, and we appeal not less to Republicans, whose votes are needed to save the country from the Radicals, than to those Democrats who mistakenly consider it undemocratic to succeed and who would go on forever polling a minority of votes, whilst our liberties are sunk deeper and deeper in the abyss of usurpation and misrule.

At all times we have sought the harmony of our party. Our assailants only have refused to make any concession. They would sacrifice nothing. They must rule or else they will ruin, and from the first they have pursued us with a virulence which has overleaped and defeated itself. We ask no quarter from them. All that we ask is the unity of the Democratic party, which they are trying to destroy.

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☞ DR. FREDERIC R. MARVIN has been before the New York Liberal Club with a paper arguing that capital punishment produces a taste for bloodshed and increases crime. He thinks the murderer should be preserved to work for the support of those he has bereaved, and that in case the bereaved are already provided for he should work for the State. It is not probable that this paper will have any effect. The good people of New York appreciate a holiday too well and have too much regard for a time-honored custom to listen for a moment to incendiaries like MARVIN. If he doesn't keep quiet they'll be likely to get after him with a liberal club.

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☞ The following are said to be some of the questions that are put to applicants for positions in Internal Revenue Department at Washington: "What is the plural of it?" "Where do the Northern lakes empty themselves?" "In what direction from London is the North pole?" These questions are not difficult; and yet there are hundreds of revenue officers who can steal their tens of thousands from the Government annually without being able to answer one of them.

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☞ Some of the Republican newspapers point with pride to the statement that FRED. GRANT, the President's boy, passed creditably an examination at West Point. It would have been a sad thing for the conductors of that institution if FRED. hadn't "passed."

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☞ Mr. GREELEY denies that he ever denounced the so-called Union League as "a congregation of blockheads." Mr. GREELEY'S reputation for honesty is always getting him accused of uttering truths that he never dreamed of.

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☞ Mrs. WOODHULL'S cosmopolitical party propose to make KATE STANTON Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. KATE calls HENRY WARD BEECHER "Old Cockalorum," with a dignity and grace that eminently fit her for the ermine.

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☞ A man who had been visiting his uncle committed suicide the other day, near St. Louis, by hanging himself with his suspenders. As he had failed to bring himself to the gallows, he cheerfully substituted the gallowses.

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☞ Mr. GREELEY summons all around him to prepare for new issues and new struggles. Mr. GREELEY'S well-known antipathy to the Colorado potato bug gives these remarks a force and meaning not to be misunderstood.

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☞ The New York Times denounces this as execrable doggerel:

> "Hey, diddle diddle,
> Grant is a riddle,
> His organs play different tunes.
> The Democrats laugh
> At their tariff disputes
> While Butler runs off with the spoons."

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☞ General GRANT spends his summers very pleasantly at Long Branch. We are glad to know that the people will next year make such arrangements as will enable him to spend his winters there also.

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☞ A Chicago paper has a leader headed "Making Provision for Robbery." Strange to say, the article makes no suggestions as to the best way to bring about another Republican administration.

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☞ A great many stories are told about people making awkward blunders in mistaking GRANT for a common man. The country was guilty of a much worse blunder when it took him for a great man.

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☞ A German voter in New York put the popular idea in a nutshell when he said about GRANT: "I don't vas no copperhead. I shust die first. But I don't vote for him no more any time."

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☞ Mrs. VICTORIA WOODHULL will never be elected President of the United States, but if she keeps on in the way she has set out she is likely to get some reputation as a public woman.

## KENTUCKY NEWS.

About 40,000 pounds of wool has been shipped from Cynthiana this spring.

The barley harvest has commenced in Fayette county, with a prospect of a good yield.

Some fine specimens of lead ore have been found on the farm of R. S. Stoner, Esq., near Bardstown.

Golladay's forty-eighth monthly drawing will take place at Odeon Hall, Bowling Green, Ky., Monday, June 26, 1871.

A sow belonging to Zach Pope, at Springfield, lately gave birth to eight pigs, three of which had trunks like elephants and eyes in the middle of their heads.

It should be borne in mind that the Madison County Fair—one of the first to be held in the State—commences August 8. It promises to be one of the best.

The money to build a branch road from the Maysville and Paris railroad to Flemingsburg has been raised. This road can be got ready for the iron in ninety days.

In Lexington, on Monday, ten shares of Northern Bank stock were sold at $131 05 per share, and forty-four shares of First National Bank of Lexington at $119 per share.

The little steam-tug Pratt, loaded with lumber, was burned on the Kentucky river on the 7th inst., together with a flat in tow. The tug belonged to H. R. Wolf, the flat and lumber to J. M. Rowlett.

Messrs. Burnside, Anderson & Co., of Lancaster, Kentucky, have bought Old Rockcastle Springs, and thoroughly overhauled them, and, with almost entirely new buildings, will be ready to open to the public in a few days.

The young men of Nelson county will hold a grand tournament at the Bardstown fair grounds on the first day of the Nelson County Fair, which commences Tuesday, September 5th. Between fifteen and twenty are in training, and will contend for the prizes. Nelson county promises to have one of the very best fairs of the season.

An old man named James Bromley while returning from Worthville to his home, in Owen county, last Friday, was assaulted by John Branham, who had been threatening to kill him for some time. Branham attacked Bromley with a large club, fracturing his skull and beating his head almost to a jelly, inflicting several cuts with a knife, and robbing him of a few dollars. He then made his escape although pursued and fired upon by a son-in-law of Bromley's, who heard the old man's cries, but arrived too late to save him. Branham is respectably connected at Worthville, but is a desperate man, and has been in numerous shooting heretofore. Bromley is still alive, but unconscious, and no hopes are entertained for his recovery.

## SOUTHERN NEWS.

Virginia made 65,000 gallons of fruit brandy last year.

Florida promises to become a large producer of sugar.

The wheat crop of North Georgia is turning out badly.

The Texas Legislature meets again on the 12th of September.

The Virginia Tobacco Fair is to be held this year at Petersburg.

Aiken, South Carolina, is building a new court-house, at a cost of $10,000.

The cotton crop of middle Georgia promises to be very small, and planters are gloomy.

A brick building which originally cost $30,000, recently sold for $700, in Apalachicola, Florida.

It is estimated that 20,000 boxes of peaches will be shipped from Aiken, South Carolina, this season.

The commencement exercises of the Mississippi University begin on the 25th inst. and end on the 29th.

For the first time since June, 1870, just a year ago, middling cotton sold in the Memphis market Tuesday at 20 cents.

Cotton, rosin, rice and lumber, to the value of $272,733 88, were shipped from Savannah, Ga., for foreign ports last Wednesday.

The Savannah (Ga.) News says: "Bullock is in New York. Our happiness would be assured if we could keep this item standing."

According to the late census, Georgia has a greater colored population than any other State in the Union. Virginia comes next, then Alabama.

Census returns of Pitt county, North Carolina, show that there are some fifteen or twenty persons in that county who are from 100 to 110 years old.

Over eight thousand head of cattle crossed the Brazos at Waco, Texas, during the week ending June 7, bringing into the treasury of the bridge company nearly $500.

The Governor of Texas has ordered an election of Congressmen and to fill vacancies in the Legislature, election to commence October 3d and continue four days.

Wm. Willoughby Sharp, one of the most prominent citizens of Norfolk, Va., died last Friday. He was President of the Exchange Bank of Virginia from 1840 to 1865.

The Palestine (Texas) Advocate says there will be an abundant crop of fruit in that portion of Texas. Plum, peach, pear and apple trees are breaking down with their own weight.

According to the official report of the Auditor of Mississippi, nearly three and a half million acres of land are already forfeited for taxes in that State. In addition to the above, there are 3,518 town lots.

The 4th of July in Richmond, Va., is to be glorified by a tournament at the fair grounds. The gate money to be appropriated to the removal of the Confederate dead from Gettysburg and Arlington.

Gov. Alcorn, of Mississippi, thinks that, if Congress will give back to the Southern people the money stolen from them under the name of the two-cent cotton tax, in 1865-6-7, it will do much to restore good feeling in the South.

The Richmond Enquirer says the omens all assure us that the Legislature is Democratic next fall, and the State, also, in the Presidential contest of 1872. The Radical party in Virginia is a settled minority, and they may as well make up their minds to stand back.

The 28th of this month is the anniversary of the battle of Fort Moultrie. The rifle clubs of Charleston, S. C., contemplate a celebration on that day. Before the late war in this country this anniversary was always duly honored by the citizens of Charleston.

The farmers of the South give as a plausible reason why they devote so much land to cotton and so little to corn "that the negroes steal corn to such an extent that it is unprofitable." One farmer in South Carolina says: "The niggers can't eat cotton, and what they can't eat they won't steal as a general thing; so cotton is the only safe crop a man can make."

The population of New Mexico by last census was 99,890, divided as follows: 86,481 whites, of which 75,481 are native Mexicans and 11,000 Americans; the rest are half-breeds and Indians. The census of 1860 showed a total population of 93,516, an apparent gain of only 6,300 in ten years.

Mr. J. M. Hudson, of Towns county, exhibited in the office of the Athens (Ga.) Watchman, one day last week, fine samples of the following minerals: Copper, sulphate copper, silver, gold, asbestos, itacolumite, lead, talc, and a dozen or so of other minerals, all collected in a few counties in Northeast Georgia.

The Charleston (S. C.) Courier says: "Captain Somers, engaged in wrecking in the harbor among the vessels sunk near the bar, proposes making an attempt to raise the 'Segar' boat which swamped in its attack on the Ironsides. It lies near the wreck of the Housatonic, and contains the bodies of the gallant crew who perished in it."

The following is the result of five years' carpet-bag rule in the South. It speaks for itself: Georgia has been plunged into a debt of forty millions; North Carolina, nineteen millions; Florida, five millions; South Carolina, nearly twenty millions; Louisiana, twelve millions; Arkansas, five millions; Mississippi, eight millions; Texas, seven millions; Alabama, five millions; Virginia, thirty three millions, and Tennessee, thirty-six millions.

The Memphis Sun of the 13th says: "Sunday afternoon Mulberry street was all excitement, occasioned by a colored woman who lives on that street, between Beale and Linden, giving birth to triplets. The strangest part of the affair is that two of the children are black, while the remaining one is white. The occurrence was the occasion of no little talk by those living in the vicinity as to the cause of the strange coincidence." How about "coincidence?" Who found the word for this astute reporter?

The following section of the law of Tennessee has been decided by the Supreme Court of that State to be unconstitutional: "Be it further enacted, That if any person or persons so prowling, traveling, riding or walking through the towns or country of this State, masked or in disguise, shall or may assault another with a deadly weapon, he or they shall be deemed guilty of assault with intent to commit murder in the first degree, and on conviction thereof, shall suffer death by hanging: Provided, the jury trying the case may substitute imprisonment in the penitentiary for a period of not less than ten years, nor more than twenty-one years."

The New Orleans Commercial Bulletin of Monday says: "At the rate the water is receding from the overflowed localities in the third and fourth wards, about two inches a day on an average, and a total of about sixteen inches, the prospect of soon seeing the water disappear is very poor. Computing that, in the beginning of the flood, the water at Broad street was five feet deep, it will yet take at least twenty days before the water returns to the level of the canal's banks, and meantime untold suffering will be experienced by the poor whose residences are still under water. It is true that every effort is being made to modify the condition of the overflowed, but we fear only a decided fall in the lake will afford relief to the victims."

The Butler (Mo.) Record of last Friday says: "One of the most heart-rending accidents which has come under our observation for a long time occurred near Johnstown on Sunday morning last, by which four persons met with their death—a father, mother and son, and an infant child. From the meager reports, we glean the following facts: Mr. Bottles and family were returning from Germantown (where they had been attending Catholic church) in a two-horse wagon. In crossing Deepwater the horses became frightened, and ran away, dragging the son, who was driving, a distance of nearly a quarter of a mile. In going this distance from the creek it appears that the mother had jumped out and had thrown her infant child. In the afternoon a traveler from Germantown discovered the lifeless body of the son near the road; coming this way, he soon found the woman with her neck broken, and the child lying near her, alive, but almost dead from the effect of heat. Further on he found the wagon upon the body of the father, whose body was, of course, inanimate. We learn that the child has since died, thus completing the quadruple tragedy. Nothing had been heard of the horses by our informant up to Wednesday evening. Mr. B. was a sober, industrious farmer, living a few miles south of Johnstown, and leaves a large circle of friends to mourn his untimely death."

## SOUTHERN OPINION.

### What is Thought in the South About the Speeches of Jefferson Davis.

### Astonishment and Indignation.

[Herald Wilmington, N. C., Letter.]

Great as was the sensation created at the North by the speech of Mr. Jefferson Davis at Atlanta, it was no less great in the South. To say that the people here were surprised or astonished would give only a faint idea of how this extraordinary speech was received when the time and the very peculiar circumstances of the Southern people are taken into consideration. They were shocked at the utterances of the man who of all others should have held his tongue and acted with the discretion of a man possessing ordinary common sense. However much the people of the South sympathised with Mr. Davis, and however much they may have approved of his sentiments as expressed at Atlanta, it is certain beyond doubt that they never wished the opportunity and never desired that he should be so foolish as to utter them. This Atlanta speech is the topic of conversation everywhere I go through the South, and the expressions of mingled astonishment and

INDIGNATION

that generally greet its mention is a proof that Mr. Davis is not a representative Southern man of the present day, and that the "situation" has been accepted by nine-tenths of the people, aye, by nineteen twentieths of them. Some people say Jeff. is in his dotage; others angrily remark that he is "crazy as a bed-bug," and others, still more incensed, say that he has a mania for working mischief to the South, that his madness has method whenever on the eve of decisive elections. These and like expressions are to be heard in every direction since the publication of Jeff.'s Atlanta speech, and in the discussions that take place it is easy to see that he is not the popular favorite at the South so generally believed at the North. Jeff.'s greatness began after the war, through the blindness of Mr. Stanton in making him a prisoner. Had he been allowed to go scot free his course during the war as President of the Confederacy, which was disastrous to the "lost cause," would have been severely criticised, and in all probability he would have been

EXECRATED

where he was idolized. This was the effect of the imprisonment and severity practiced toward him at the close of the late war. This caused him to be looked upon as a martyr by the entire people of the South, and he was so regarded until the present, when, under the inspiration of the Atlanta speech, he comes to be viewed in an entirely new light. But with all his faults, bad judgment and indiscretion, J. D. Davis is still looked upon in the South as chief and leader—second only to Gen. Lee—and is consequently entitled to the sympathy and friendship of the people, as far as they are able to bestow it. This, too, the more so, because of his recent persecution on account of the prominent and active part he took in the rebellion.

I met to-day a former admirer of Mr. Davis, and ventured to ask his opinion of him since he spoke in Atlanta. This gentleman conversed very freely.

"What do you think of Mr. Davis' speech at Atlanta?" I asked.

"Well, I really don't know what to think of it. It is most unfortunate that he should have made that speech just at this time. It is the

BEST CARD

the Radicals in the Presidential campaign could have been gotten up."

"What could have been the object of Mr. Davis in making such a speech?"

"I am confident he had no object. But he is a man possessed of an extraordinary mind and a splendid flow of oratory, and he cannot withstand popular applause. With the first burst of enthusiasm he is completely carried away, and his discretion vanishes before the upturned multitude of faces, only too eager to applaud anything that comes from his lips."

"You do not think, then, he made that speech deliberately, with the intention of producing a certain effect, which is just as certain to follow it?"

"No, I do not. On the contrary, I am of the opinion that he was carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment, and, in all probability, he has since regretted that he ever made it."

"Will he continue to make stump speeches of this sort in the South?"

"No; I am certain that when he sees the manner in which it has been received by the Southern press, and the universal condemnation that has been passed upon it, he will never repeat the same sentiments. It may be his

LAST PUBLIC SPEECH."

"You will admit that he was quite severe on the class of people that 'accept the situation,' one of whom, I believe, you are yourself?"

"Yes; but I think that the best feature of his speech, and its only redeeming one. When the people learn that he has denounced them as 'cowards' for endeavoring by the only means left them to regain their lost liberties and ruined fortunes they will become aroused and incensed, and this will bring forth an expression of popular will in the next Presidential election that otherwise might not have come out."

"The people then, do accept the situation—that is, the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth amendments to the Constitution?"

"They are determined to abide by them, no matter what Mr. Davis or any other

SOUTHERN SOREHEAD

may say to the contrary. It is their salvation. It was accepting the situation that carried Virginia when Walker was elected, Tennessee when Senter was elected, and this State when the Radicals were overthrown last August."

"Will the remainder of the Southern States adopt the same platform?"

"I am confident they will. They have all virtually done so already. It is not from

CHOICE THEY DO IT,

but because it is the only resource left them, and, having accepted the situation, as it is called, they will abide by it."

"But Mr. Davis was enthusiastically applauded at Atlanta. How do you account for that?"

"Well, you know how these things are. The unthinking mass were carried away by the orator in the person of their former President, who had endured the tortures of a bastile on their account, just as the orator was carried away by the mass. When both had time for calm, sober reflection, I am almost certain that regrets were mutual."

"What is your opinion of the new departure of the Democracy marked out by Mr. Vallandigham, of Ohio?"

"It will be the salvation of the Democratic party in the next Presidential campaign, and will be most heartily acquiesced in by all the Southern States. If the Northern Democracy will only nominate a popular candidate, a soldier or a civilian, on such a platform, the entire Southern vote will be cast for him in the electoral college."

"Suppose Mr. Davis makes a few more speeches like that at Atlanta, what then?"

"If he should he will be politically damned forever. As it stands now

HE IS REPUDIATED,

and I am certain, as I said before, he will make no more sorehead speeches."

The conversation ended here, and I can safely say this is the outspoken sentiment of every entranchised citizen of the late Confederacy, with a rare exception, and of many of the disabled class, though they have reason to be bitter still. General amnesty would make Davis and all like him as harmless as babies.

## GEN. LEE'S VIEW.

### What the Leader of the Confederate Armies Thought About "Accepting the Situation."

[From the Richmond Dispatch.]

Gen. Lee viewed the situation in a military sense. He considered his countrymen of the South and himself as captives and prisoners. His high sense of honor and personal dignity would not permit him to rail at those who held him in custody. He truly considered that unmanly and peevish. To indulge the language of exasperation, or the wail of lamentation, was equally abhorrent to his ideas of true manhood. He therefore bore himself like a man with a conscience void of offense, knowing that he was at the mercy of his captors, and submitting himself to their power.

Nothing gave Gen. Lee so much concern as the haste with which the press and public men at the South rushed into the political canvass, deluded by the ignis fatuus set up by President Johnson after his infamous $20,000 amnesty proclamation. He did not think it wise or becoming. Adhering to his idea of what should be the conduct of captives, he feared, and justly feared, that while this was unbecoming in the South, it would exasperate those who held us at their mercy, and increase the severity of the sufferings of his own people. He was not anxious for himself.

As late as a month prior to his death he held to his opinions on this point. The writer of this then met him, and beginning with the assurance that he was no interviewer, as the General knew, and would make no improper use of any remark he might make, asked him how he felt about the political condition of the country. He replied that he thought there was some improvement, but still there was a great deal to deplore in regard to the temper of the discussions North and South—that they opposed a great obstacle to the restoration of peace. He alluded particularly to the tone of the Southern press, and said that though greatly improved, there was still room for improvement. We put in a plea for the press in respect to its promptness in vindicating the South from false accusations, and as an illustration referred to the article in this paper commenting upon the surprise expressed by a Northern journal that General Lee could possibly have fought with the South, as he was opposed to slavery. In that comment we assumed that the opposition to slavery was not rare in the South—that Virginia had been very near abolishing slavery in '30, and that many prominent Southern men, adopting Mr. Jefferson's views, favored abolition as the best for the welfare of the Southern people; and that these men had a higher motive than the defense of slavery in their taking up the cause of the South.

The General replied that controversy did no good—that the Northern journal should have known his opinions long ago—that he expressed them before the Reconstruction Committee, in answer to their questions—that his father before him was opposed to slavery as a public evil in Virginia. All this ought to be known, and his motives in standing by his native State ought to be known everywhere. But controversy is unavailing, said he; it does no good, and only protracts the day of peace and national harmony. In this spirit he conversed awhile, and then changed the topic of conversation.

General Lee was more anxious for his countrymen, especially for Virginia, than he was for himself. He yearned for quiet and order for the country, and for the subsidence of bitter sectional animosity. If anything hastened his death it was the disturbed state of his country and the mad passions which delayed the restoration of good feeling and general peace.

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The Radicals acknowledge they have run Texas into a debt of $7,000,000 since the close of the war. Honest people think it is double the above amount.

## THE ST. LOUIS RACES.

### Fifth Annual Meeting of the Southern and Western Turf Congress.

ST. LOUIS, June 17.—The fifth annual meeting of the Southern and Western Turf Congress opened at the Abby track to-day under the most favorable auspices. The weather was fine and the attendance unusually large, embracing many prominent citizens.

The first race was a mile dash for two year olds for $250; the starters were unnamed Sorrel filly, by Bonnie Scotland, owned by Geo Eastmerd, of Springfield, Ills., and Delfahorn, by Voucher, owned by Chas. L. Hunt, of St. Louis. The race was won by Scotland Filly. Time, 1:57¾.

The second race was a great post stake of the Turf Congress, for $2,500, and for which each association of the congress names a horse. The following were the starters: Leinster, for St. Louis; Helmet, for Lexington, Ky.; Barney Williams, for Mobile; Virgil, for New Orleans, and Mollie Jones, for Nashville. The horses got away in a bunch, with Mollie Jones slightly in the lead, which she maintained throughout the heat, coming in a length ahead; Barney Williams, with Virgil, 3d; Leinster, 4th; Helmet, 5th. Time, 8:04¾.

Barney Williams was under very strong pull throughout the entire heat, notwithstanding which the victory of Mollie Jones made her a great favorite in the pools, selling four to ten times higher than Barney.

In the second heat Barney took the lead from the start, and forced the running throughout. At the quarter pole he opened the gap fully one hundred yards, which he kept on increasing as the heat progressed. During the third mile it was evident he was running to distance the field, which he easily accomplished, passing under the string, the red flag falling in the face of all his pursuers, winning the heat and race. Time, 8:03¾. This was a totally unexpected result, and the backers of Mollie Jones fell heavily. Leinster was withdrawn previous to the second heat, in consequence of lameness.

The remainder of the races commence on Thursday and continue during the balance of the week.

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☞ An artificial whirlwind blew at Glen's Falls, N. Y., a few days ago; it was caused by a farmer, who, wishing to burn a fallow of about fifteen or twenty acres, ignited the brush at several places at the outer edge. The flames rushed towards the center and assumed a rotary motion, which increased in velocity till a terrific whirlwind was formed, which tore up small trees, root and branch, and frightened everybody who witnessed it. A column of smoke rose to so great a hight that it was visible for many miles around this singular phenomenon.

### Gov. P. H. Leslie,

Democratic candidate for Governor, will address the citizens of Kentucky at the following times and places:

Frenchburg, Tuesday, June 20.
Morehead, Wednesday, June 21.
Flemingsburg, Thursday, June 22.
Speaking to commence at 12 o'clock.

Gen. John M. Harlan, the Republican candidate, is invited to attend. may21 d&wtd

I will meet Gov. Leslie at each of the foregoing appointments made by him.
JOHN M. HARLAN.

Gen. Harlan makes the following additional appointments:

Owingsville, Friday, June 23.
Sharpsburg, Friday, June 23, at night.
Mount Sterling, Saturday, June 24.
Cynthiana, Monday, June 26.
Brookville, Tuesday, June 27.
Covington, Wednesday, June 28, at night.
Williamstown, Thursday, June 29.
Newcastle, Saturday, July 1.

Except at Sharpsburg and Covington, speaking each day at 1 p. m. On Friday, the 30th of June, I will speak at such points between Williamstown and Georgetown as my friends in Georgetown may designate.

### Hon. John Rodman and William Brown, Esq.

The appointments heretofore made for John Rodman and William Brown, Democratic and Republican candidates for Attorney General, are revoked, and they will speak as follows:

Morganfield, June 19.
Marion, June 20.
Paducah, June 22.
Owensboro, June 24.
Franklin, July 3.
Russellville, July 4.
Bowling Green, July 5.
Glasgow, July 6.
Munfordville, July 7.
Elizabethtown, July 8.
Litchfield, July 10.
Hodgenville, July 12.
Lebanon, July 14.
Bardstown, July 15.
Springfield, July 17.
Harrodsburg, July 18.
Lawrenceburg, July 19.
Danville, July 24.
Somerset, July 26.
Monticello, July 27.
London, July 29.
Mt. Vernon, July 31.
Stanford, August 1.
Lancaster, August 2.
Richmond, August 3.

### Hon. J. G. Carlisle and Hon. George M. Thomas,

candidates for Lieutenant Governor, will address their fellow-citizens as follows:

Nicholasville, Tuesday, June 20.
Harrodsburg, Wednesday, June 21.
Danville, Thursday, June 22.
Stanford, Friday, June 23.
Lebanon, Saturday, June 24.
Springfield, Monday, June 26.
Bardstown, Tuesday, June 27.
Shepherdsville, Wednesday, June 28.
Elizabethtown, Thursday, June 29.
Mumfordsville, Friday, June 30.
Glasgow, Saturday, July 1.
Bowling Green, Monday, July 3.
Russellville, Tuesday, July 4.
Hopkinsville, Wednesday, July 5.
Madisonville, Thursday, July 6.
Henderson, Friday, July 7.
Owensboro, Saturday, July 8.
Hawesville, Monday, July 10.
Brandenburg, Wednesday, July 12.

Speaking at Lexington at night, and at other places at 1½ o'clock p. m., unless otherwise arranged by the friends of both parties.

## DECISIONS OF THE COURT OF APPEALS

Reported expressly for the COURIER-JOURNAL, by
DANIEL JAMES,
*Attorney at Law, Frankfort, Ky.*

FRANKFORT, June 12, 1871.

CAUSES DECIDED.

Lockett vs. James adm'r, &c., Union; affirmed.
Maloney vs. Bates, &c., Henderson; affirmed.
Jones, ex'x, &c., vs. Finnell & Winston, Owen; reversed.
Thompson vs. Watkins, &c., Daviess; affirmed.
Beall's adm'r vs. Beall's adm'r, Marion; affirmed on original and cross appeal.

FRANKFORT, June 13, 1871.

CAUSES DECIDED.

Allen, &c., vs. Randall & Tyler, Louisville Chancery; affirmed.
Allen, &c., vs. Mitchell & Co., Louisville Chancery; affirmed.
Phelps & Wilson vs. Washington County Court, Marion; reversed.
Duncan, trustee, &c., vs. Mayor of Louisville, Jefferson; reversed.
Cross vs. Pindell, &c., Louisville Chancery; dismissed.

FRANKFORT, June 14, 1871.

CAUSES DECIDED.

Platt vs. Covington and Cincinnati Bridge Co., Kenton, affirmed.
Frank vs. Carlton, Kenton, reversed.
Abbott vs. Lewis, Campbell; reversed.
Seebrest vs. Hudson's adm'x, Grant; affirmed.
Durrett vs. Bouche, Lou. Chancery; reversed on original and affirmed on cross appeal.

FRANKFORT, June 15, 1871.

CAUSES DECIDED.

Davis, by, &c., vs. Owsley, Jefferson; affirmed.
Bassett vs. Bassett, Kenton; affirmed.
Board of Trustees Male High School, &c., vs. General Council, &c., Jefferson; affirmed.
Johnson vs. Leach, adm'r, &c., Caldwell; reversed.
Beleman vs. Snead, &c., Louisville Chancery; reversed.
Merritt vs. Moss, Garrard; affirmed.

FRANKFORT, June 16.

CAUSES DECIDED.

Hawkins vs. Henning, &c., Louisville Chancery; reversed.
Lant vs. Louisville, Cincinnati and Lexington Railroad Company, Louisville Chancery; affirmed.
Millett vs. Millett, Fulton; reversed.
Dean vs. Allin's adm'r, Mercer; reversed.
McNees vs. Parish, Harrison; affirmed.

FRANKFORT, June 17, 1871.

CAUSES DECIDED.

Watson, &c., vs. Needham, Jefferson; affirmed.
Graves vs. Thompson, Mason; reversed.
Sloteve Brown, Pendleton; affirmed.
Hyatt, McCready & Co. vs. Scott, Jefferson; affirmed.
Lawrence, &c., vs. Middletown, Louisville Chancery; affirmed.

## CITY BUSINESS.

### A Plain Statement of the Plan of Golladay's Drawings.

Golladay's drawing is founded on a purely mathematical basis. The plan is fair and easily understood. In the programmes are stated the time, place and manner of drawing, the number of tickets and price, and the number and value of prizes. In the next drawing, which is on the 26th of June, there are $20,000 worth of prizes, ranging in value from 25 cents to $4,000. There are 600 prizes worth more than a dollar, numbered from 1 to 600; there are 20,000 tickets, numbered from 1 to 20,000, at $1 each. At the time of drawing, a committee, selected from the audience by the ticket-holders present, put into the wheel 20,000 numbers, corresponding with the number of tickets issued. After a thorough mixing, the first number drawn out entitles the holder of the corresponding number to the first prize on the list, namely: a house and lot, $4,000; the next to second prize, which is $1,000 in cash, and so on until the 600 prizes are drawn; the remaining numbers being worth 25 cents each. A list of the drawn numbers is published and forwarded to all agents and ticket holders.

T. W. Evans (according to Geo. P. Rowell & Co.'s Newspaper Directory and the Philadelphia Star) is one of the largest and most successful advertisers in this country. It is stated that he spent $60,000 in advertising one book alone (Psychomancy, a work of 400 pages), and succeeded in selling nearly 300,000 copies. Mr. Evans is extensively engaged in manufacturing perfumery, and is the head of one of the oldest established houses in Philadelphia. We know him to be honorable and prompt in all his dealings, and we take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to his advertisement in another column, the book being Psychomancy.

## LOCAL NOTICES.

### All Women are not Beautiful,

but all may have a pretty complexion and a soft skin by the use of Hagan's Magnolia Balm. Instead of a face covered with coarse pimples, sunburn, moth-patches, &c., she may possess a marble-like complexion, the envy of her sex, and the admiration of the other. Its effects are wonderful. Nothing so transforms a rustic girl into a city belle as this Balm. It imparts a youthful bloom to the countenance, and really makes a lady of 35 appear but 18. In connection with the Balm, use Lyon's Celebrated Kathairon, the oldest, the best and the most popular hair dressing in the world. It causes the hair to grow luxuriantly, and prevents it from falling off and turning gray. je10 eod&wlm

### Infants.

Much suffering to these tender little buds of the family might be allayed by using Mrs. Whitcomb's Sirup. See advertisement in another column.

**Burnett's Cocoaine gives** new life to the hair, removes dandruff and is the best hair-dressing.

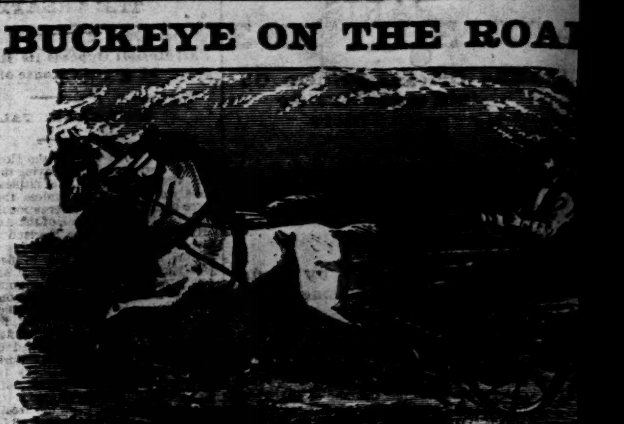
☞ See advertisement of Dr. Butts' Dispensary, headed "Book for the Million—Marriage Guide," in another column. It should be read by all. aud d&wly

☞ Chapped Hands, Face Pimples and all roughness of the skin, cured by using the Juniper Tar Soap, made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York. Sold by druggists.

**Burnett's Cooking Extracts** are the best—sold everywhere.

**To Cure a Cough, Cold, or Sore Throat, use BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.**

# BUCKEYE ON THE ROA



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SUCCESSORS TO PITKIN, WIARD & CO.,

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We are Agents for the following Celebrated Machines. Send for Circular giving descriptions of them:

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With Mounted or Down Powers;
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Victor Cane Mill;
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We also keep a full stock of Smaller Implements, Seeds, Lime, Cement, and [illegible] of which we are offering low to prompt-paying buyers.

[illegible] d&w4 WIARD, McGEE & CO

## MARRIED.

BRYAN—WELCH—At Ascension Church, Frankfort, Ky., on the 8th inst., by Rev. L. C. Lance, Mr. EDWARD BRYAN and Miss [illegible]

SETTLE—GILMORE—At the residence of [illegible] evening, June 13, 1871, by the Rev. [illegible] to Miss ELIZA E. GILMORE, both of this city. No cards.

FRAZEE—McGEE—On Tuesday, June 13th, 1871, at the house of the bride's father, by J. C. Keith, Mr. JOSEPH S. FRAZEE and Miss MARY H. McGEE, all of Louisville.

YOUNG—LING—On Sunday evening, May 21, at the residence of Rev. Wm. Harvey, Alton, Indiana, FRANK YOUNG, Esq., and Mrs. M. E. LING, of Louisville, Ky.

DURGIN—CALVERT—In this city, on the 15th inst., at the Church of the Messiah, by Rev. John H. Heywood, HORACE W. DURGIN and IRENE CALVERT.

DONOVAN—CONNER—On the 11th inst., by Rev. John H. Heywood, PATRICK F. DONOVAN and KATE CONNER, all of this city.

WALSTON—WOOD—In this city, June 15, by Rev. B. M. Messick, WILLIAM WALSTON, Esq., and Miss HATTIE WOOD.

## DIED.

GRABLE—In this city, on Monday night, June 12, 1871, LILLIE, infant son of Cyrus and Fanny Grable, aged 10 months.

GROSS—On the 17th inst., HARRY, infant son of Isaac and Rosa Gross, aged 3 months.

JOHNSTON—On the evening of the 18th, LOUIS W. JOHNSTON, son of Geo. P. and Emma L. Johnston, in the 18th year of his age.

TIMKER—June 14, 1871, BENJAMIN TIMKER, aged 14 months.

HOLMES—On the afternoon of the 14th, at 10 minutes past 3 o'clock, BENJAMIN RUSH, oldest son of James and Eleanor A. Holmes, aged 13 years, 1 month and 14 days.

ALEXANDER—CHARLES WILLIAM ALEXANDER, adopted child of A. and Nancy Alexander, aged 4 months and 8 days.

BARFIELD—June 15th, at 8 o'clock p. m., of whooping cough, MILTON, infant son of J. D. and Sarah Barfield.

THOMAS—On Sunday morning, the 11th inst., at 4 o'clock, at the residence of her son, Mr. Jas. A. [illegible] lay, in Glasgow, Ky., Mrs. [illegible] THOMAS, widow of the late Judge Thomas, of [illegible], Ky., aged [illegible] years.

COSBY—On Thursday morning, the 15th inst., FORTUNATUS COSBY, aged 79 years.

MILLER—At Sallyville, Texas, of concussion of the brain, ALBERT MILLER, in the 24th year of his age.

BOWLES—On the morning of June 16th, 1871, THEODORE SELL, infant son of Joseph H. and the late Mollie Roosetta Bowles, aged 7 months.

TRUMAN—In Pewee Valley, June 18th, ESSIE, infant daughter of Orville and Kate Truman, aged 1 year, 3 months, and 6 days.

VAUGHAN—On the 18th inst., at 30 minutes past 9 o'clock p. m., FRANK BACON, infant son of Dr. E. J. and A. G. Vaughn, aged 12 months.

CRAWFORD—At his residence, in Pewee, at one o'clock p. m., on Saturday, the 17th inst., THOS. H. CRAWFORD.

RANDAL—On Sunday morning, June 18, WM. H. W. RANDAL, aged 44 years and 11 months.

DEERING—June 19, 1871, LIZZIE, daughter of George and Rhoda Deering, aged two weeks and two days.

BECKLEY—Sunday night, June 18th, 1871, at 12 o'clock, of cholera infantum, BESSIE, infant daughter of John W. and Florence Colston Beckley, aged 5 months and 3 days.

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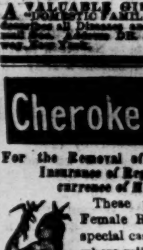

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# VALLANDIGHAM.

## Death of the Ohio Statesman on Saturday Morning.

### Details of the Terrible Accident and Its Effect Upon the Country.

### A PROFOUND SENSATION.

[From the Cincinnati Enquirer.]

LEBANON, OHIO, June 17.

He is dead! Vallandigham dead! What a world of meaning—what a wealth of pathos in these simple but terrible words. The man whose name but a few days ago was on every man's tongue, and whose figure was the central one in American politics! What, dead? Vallandigham dead? It can not be! No! Impossible! It's a hoax! What a pity! etc., etc. Such were the exclamations to be heard on the street, in the street-cars, restaurants, hotels, and, in fact, everywhere that men assemble this morning, when the first rumors of the terrible tragedy at Lebanon were whispered. For notwithstanding the fact that the dispatches in the morning papers stated that the statesman had been but mortally wounded, and that the vital spark still animated the face and figure so well known throughout the length and breadth of his own Ohio, the rumor that he was already dead got abroad, and was passed from mouth to mouth and ear to ear, long before the last scene of the tragedy was enacted in this quiet little city of the valley.

Vallandigham, Vallandigham, nothing but Vallandigham—his virtues, his courage, his policy, his affection, his ability, his size, hight, age, appearance, everything in short connected with him, were the topics of conversation—mournful conversation throughout the city, the State, and the nation.

In the midst of this excitement this morning, your correspondent left the city to visit the scene of the tragedy, with a view to learning all that was to be learned of the saddest incident in the history of the State. On the train, as elsewhere, the great overshadowing topic of conversation was the tragedy at Lebanon. Those who had already heard the announcement of the death detailed it to eager crowds of listeners, male and female, and in every group of hearers there were suffused eyes and wet cheeks. And among these—to their honor be it said—were not a few of his political enemies—men who had opposed and denounced him while living, but who, now that he was dead, freely expressed their admiration and respect for the many noble qualities of the great man whose high courage nothing but death could quench. At Morrow I left the railroad and took horse and buggy for this place. Not until this had I appreciated the widespread sensation that the news of the misfortune had created. In the cities and towns, and along the lines of the railroad and telegraph, it was but natural to expect the discussion of news fraught with such terrible meaning. But to find men and women away out there, miles from railroad and telegraph, eagerly inquiring from every passing traveler the latest news from the distinguished victim of the tragedy, astonished me and gave me a new revelation of the sad importance and wide-spread effect of the sad event. All along the road we were besieged by men and women eager to learn the truth of the report, and, when assured of the fact, to know all of the details. Staid old farmers would leave plow in furrow, and good housewives desert kitchen and pantry, to ask questions concerning the great event of the day.

Many of these—the majority, in fact—had known the man only by reputation, and many of them had so known him only to hate him as the bold leader of the Ohio Democracy during the turbulent times of 1863, but the somber shadow of the death angel's wing had wiped out the dividing lines of party and united all in a common brotherhood of sorrow.

I remember, as if it were but yesterday, the general feeling of gloom and sadness occasioned by the news of the tragic death of President Lincoln on that eventful fifteenth day of April, when men whispered with white lips and bated breath the tidings of that awful tragedy. I remember how, at that time, the political enemies of the murdered President joined in the general sorrow, and how their voices blended with those of his political supporters in the lamentations that went up from the bruised heart of a stricken nation. Remembering all this, I can but note the similarity in the conduct and expressions of feeling of the people that I have met to-day. Everywhere, even in this strong Republican county, the expressions of the people one meets are those of unfeigned regret and grief at the great loss the State has sustained in the sudden death of Clement L. Vallandigham. Arriving at Lebanon, we found that usually quiet little town in a state of intensely suppressed excitement. Great as was the excitement elsewhere, it was as nothing compared with that in Lebanon. From the time that the news of the fatal shot went abroad the night before, every man, woman and child in the little city had been talking of it, lamenting it, and discussing the chances of recovery and of death.

The heart of the cosy village had been stirred to its deepest depths by the report of that pistol. And not only there had that shot been heard, but throughout the length and breadth of the continent it had echoed and re-echoed in mournful cadence from the lakes to the gulf, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Aye, the echo of that shot traversed the Atlantic, and echoed in the capitals of the Old World, and wherever it was heard carried with it a feeling of sadness and sorrow such as only the death of one of earth's greatest children could cause.

As soon as the news went abroad in the village the inhabitants began to assemble about the Lebanon House and anxiously inquire the news from fatal Room No. 15. All night long and during the weary hours of the morning the crowd remained in and about the hotel, and even after the sad announcement (at ten o'clock this morning) that the wounded statesman had ceased to breathe, they lingered and talked in whispers of the tragedy, and dwelt with sorrowful interest upon every detail of the terrible affair. It is indeed surprising how popular Mr. Vallandigham had become in the village. Coming here as he did, with his anti war odium upon him, and in the capacity of chief attorney for one whom the majority of the people believed to be a desperate and depraved murderer, Mr. Vallandigham was not received with cordial favor, nor welcomed as a guest who would do the town honor or reflect credit upon the community. Before, however, the first week of the protracted trial had passed, the ability and professional courtesy of the lawyer had won the respect of court and bar, and the gentlemanly suavity and excellent social qualities of the man had secured the kindly regard of all the citizens with whom he came in contact. Believing firmly in the innocence of his client, McGehan, he had entered into his defense with all of the ardor of his nature, and fought his accusers step by step until the close of the evidence in the trial, and never until the fatal ball penetrated his vitals did he for a moment allow his interest to slack, his watchfulness to flag, or his enthusiasm to cool.

During the delivery of Mr. Follett's opening argument yesterday, Mr. Vallandigham was busily engaged in watching the case, taking notes, and in the intervals preparing the great argument that he firmly believed would be one of the greatest efforts of his life, and one that would not only add to his fame as a great criminal lawyer, but result in the refutation of the theory of the State, and the triumphant acquittal of his client. Mr. Vallandigham may have been too sanguine in this, but that he did entertain such opinions is abundantly evident from what he said to Mr. Williamson and other friends a few hours before the fatal shot was fired. Mr. Williamson occupied the next seat on Mr. Vallandigham's right at the supper table last evening, and was engaged in animated conversation with him on the subject of the prospects of the case, the theories of the prosecution and defense, etc. He seemed to be in the best of spirits and perfectly sanguine of victory. Upon Mr. Williamson's stating that he intended to go to his home at Loveland that night, Mr. Vallandigham urged him to stay until the end of the trial, and especially until after the delivery of his (Vallandigham's) argument. During the afternoon and evening he had repeated this invitation to a number of acquaintances, ladies and gentlemen of the town.

His unusually good spirits and light-heartedness were noticed by many of his acquaintances. With a view to detaining Mr. Williamson until Saturday, he gave a half promise to accompany that gentleman to his home in Loveland and spend the Sabbath. "Frank Cozad," said he, "insists upon my going with him, and I have partly promised to do so, but my inclination now is to go to Loveland, and spend the Sabbath in visits to my good friends Bloss, Powell and Tom Paxon." "But," added he, "you remain and hear my argument, anyhow, and we'll settle the matter before it is time for you to start for home to-morrow night."

He continued to exhibit evidences of good spirits and sanguine hope up to within a short time before the tragedy, when the receipt of a letter from his wife, stating that she had been summoned to the death-bed of her brother, Hon. Jno. V. L. McMahon, at Cumberland, Maryland, somewhat saddened him. Alas, how little did he, while mourning his brother-in-law's death, think that that same faithful sister and loving wife would within a few brief hours be notified of the still greater bereavement of her husband's death! Indeed, the heart-crushing agony that this delicate and affectionate woman is called upon to suffer is one of the most painful and touching of the features of this remarkable tragedy.

She is described to me by those who knew her well as an exceptionably affectionate and tender-hearted lady and a wife, so solicitous of her husband's welfare that his slightest illness or troubles of any kind rendered her miserable. During the trying period of his trial and banishment in 1863, she was almost distracted, and the effect of her continued anxiety left its indelible impression upon her physical health. It is the opinion of those who are acquainted with her peculiar temperament that the news of her husband's sudden death will prove a death-blow.

The telegraph has informed us since that she became distracted upon receipt of the terrible tidings and that in this condition started under the care of friends for her desolated home in Dayton. What a picture of agony is it!

A tender, fragile, loving woman standing by the coffin of a beloved brother receiving the tidings of the tragic death of her husband, whom but a few days before she had left in the full vigor of robust health. Can any thing in the annals of human suffering rival the touching spectacle!

From your reporter in attendance at the McGehan trial, who was in Mr. Vallandigham's room almost continually from the time of the shooting until the death struggle, I have obtained the following detailed account of the tragedy:

BEFORE IT HAPPENED.

After taking supper, he procured from the landlord of the hotel a bit of white muslin cloth, perhaps a foot square, for the purpose of testing to his own satisfaction the question as to whether a shot fired from a pistol in close proximity to it would or would not leave a mark of powder upon it. Having provided himself with this, and with his pistol in his pocket, he and Mr. Milliken and Mr. Hume went out together to the south edge of town, beyond the residence of Governor McBurney. Arriving there, they were joined by Mr. McBurney, and the trio become a quartette.

THE PISTOL

which he took with him for this purpose is a new revolver which he had purchased only a few days before coming to Lebanon. It is one of Smith & Wesson's manufacture, with a four inch barrel, and five chambers, and carries a ball of 38-100 of an inch caliber. It is a beautiful weapon, handsomely, though not elaborately ornamented, and its owner little thought, when so recently purchasing it, that it would so soon be the instrument of his untimely death.

HOW THE ACCIDENT CAME ABOUT.

Two shots were fired into the cloth, and all were satisfied with the result of the experiment, and started back to the hotel.

Mr. Milliken, ever cautious and thoughtful, said:

"Val., there are three shots in your pistol yet. You had better discharge them."

"What for?" responded Mr. Vallandigham.

"To prevent any accident," replied the cautious attorney. "You might shoot yourself."

"No danger of that," replied Mr. Vallandigham. "I have carried and practiced with pistols too long to be afraid to have a loaded one in my pocket."

"You had better be careful, though," said Mr. Milliken.

"Never fear me," was the reply.

They then slowly walked back toward the town, and, before they had reached the hotel, separated.

Arriving at the Lebanon House alone, Mr. Vallandigham was stopped on his way up stairs by the landlord, and a package that had been left for him in his absence placed in his hands. That parcel contained another revolver—a weapon that had been exhibited at the trial in court, and was not only unloaded, but had had the chambers removed. Proceeding to his room, he unwrapped the parcel, and at the same time taking his own weapon from his pocket, laid the two murderous instruments on the table, side by side.

A moment later, Mr. Scott Symmes, a young lawyer who has been connected with the prosecution of the case, passed the door.

"Symmes," said he, "Follett is mistaken. A man could easily shoot himself as Myers was shot. Come in and I will show how its done."

Thus invited, Symmes entered the room, but a moment later, seeing Judge Pope coming up stairs, excused himself on the ground that he was going to Hamilton in the morning, and wished to see the Judge before he left. He passed out, and a minute or so afterward Mr. McBurney came into the room. Mr. Vallandigham, still standing by the table on which the pistols lay, said:

"I'll show you how Tom Myers shot himself. Follett's mistaken when he says it can't be done." Saying this, he took up one of the murderous instruments in his hands, put it into his pantaloons pockets, and, slowly drawing it out again, ... forth, he attempted to place it in the exact position which he believed Myers' weapon to have assumed at the moment the fatal bullet was sped on its mission of death. The muzzle of the weapon still within the lappel of the pocket, he brought it to an angle of about forty-five degrees.

"There, that's the way Myers held it, only he was getting up, not standing erect." Saying this, he touched the trigger.

A sudden flash—the half-suppressed sound of a shot—and Clement L. Vallandigham, with an expression of agony, exclaimed, "My God, I've shot myself," and reeled toward the wall a wounded and dying man—wounded and dying by his own hands.

AFTERWARD.

This happened at the hour of nine o'clock, or perhaps five or ten minutes earlier. In a second of time Mr. McBurney, terrified at the occurrence, rushed out of the room and along the hall to the apartment where the jury was quartered. Rapping at the door, he eagerly demanded that some one should come into Mr. Vallandigham's room, as he had shot himself. Mr. Tischnor, the constable having them in charge, was momentarily absent, but several of the jurors hurried into the room. Meantime Mr. J. C. Babbitt, whose room (No. 17) was only next door, had heard the sound, and, suspecting its cause, also came in. He arrived first, and found Mr. Vallandigham alone, leaning against the wall. He asked what had happened.

"I have foolishly shot myself," said the wounded man, as he sank into a chair. "What folly it was to try such an experiment. By mistake I took up the wrong pistol." The pistol had dropped from his hand at the moment he fired, and was still lying on the floor. The other one, empty and harmless, lay on the table.

A moment later, three or four jurors came in with Mr. McBurney, and found Mr. Vallandigham, with clothes opened, feeling along his abdomen in search of the bullet. He remained thus employed and explaining the mistake he had made for several minutes, when, growing faint, he was laid on the bed.

In the meantime messengers had been dispatched for physicians, and the intelligence got out in town, and instantly the streets were alive with persons hurrying to the hotel to ask the truth of the story they had heard. The halls were crowded, and the anxious—almost terror-stricken—faces of the persons inquiring after the nature of the wound and the condition of the wounded man, made it apparent to the most casual observer that an occurrence of no ordinary character had just taken place.

The three reporters who were attending the trial for the Cincinnati morning papers were immediately on the scene, and upon learning the nature of the occurrence sped the news on the lightning's wings to the journals they represented. An hour later the news of that occurrence was being heralded under the waves of the broad Atlantic to the people of the Old World.

There was some difficulty in finding a physician. Three, five, ten minutes elapsed after the departure of the messengers before a medical man appeared. This, too, at a time of suspense—a time when minutes became hours in their duration; an occasion when time was measured by the heart's pulsations of a wounded man. At length, however, Dr. Scoville arrived, and following close after him came Dr. Drake. An examination of the wound and a hurried consultation followed, and the prostrate man was informed that his injuries were of the most serious character, though they hoped that they might not prove fatal.

"Has the ball been reached," said he to the physicians.

"No, it has not," was the answer.

"Has it entered a vital part?"

"We cannot tell."

Closing his mouth with that firmness of purpose which so characterized him in everything, he expressed a wish that they would ascertain and tell him the worst feature that the case might present.

By the time the second quarter after nine had struck, the crowd of persons to the room of the wounded man was so great that guards had to be placed at the foot of the stairs below to refuse admittance to all but intimate personal friends. Mr. Vallandigham's condition was fast becoming worse, and the medical men were unable to reach the ball with any of their surgical appliances. The family physician, Dr. J. C. Reeves, of Dayton, was telegraphed to come at once to his bedside, while Dr. W. W. Dawson, of Cincinnati, had a similar summons sent to him. The son, the law partner, and several of the immediate friends of Mr. Vallandigham, were advised of his condition, and urged to come at once. His wife, who only a few hours before had started to Baltimore to be present at the burial of her brother, was telegraphed to, although his exact condition was concealed from her. Here was a case of life or death trembling in the balance, and science seemed to be powerless.

The patient at this time asked Mr. M. S. Williamson to remain with him and assist in moving him in his bed. Others, too, who were associated with him in his professional relations, were requested to stay by his side and help to alleviate his suffering.

At ten o'clock a telegram came that Dr. Reeve had started with the son of the wounded man, and that they would arrive by midnight. During the next hour the symptoms did not appear to change very materially. Frequent examinations are made by the physicians, the wound is probed, the pulse is observed, the respiration taken, and finally the wounded man is informed that he is in a very critical condition, and that if he has anything to say, or any arrangements to make, he had better lose no time.

"Only rid me of this pain in the stomach and I'll be all right again," is the rejoinder. The struggle of life with death has begun. The might of man begins to combat with that of the destroyer of man.

From 11 to 12 o'clock frequent vomitings ensue and an increase of pain. Narcotics, which have been administered sparingly hitherto, are now doubled in their doses, and a sort of lethargy ensues. The hour of midnight finds the wounded man compartively easy, but with accelerated pulse and frequent and short breathing. Soon after this he is moved to his right side, and a hemorrhage of blood follows—a hemorrhage which results in the loss of a half pint of blood, and reveals the terrible nature of the wound.

A little past one Dr. Reeves arrives, accompanied by the son of the unfortunate man. The family physician enters, and with his practiced eye, familiar with his patient, a conclusion is soon arrived at—the wounded man must die.

Mr. Vallandigham knew him and greeted him cheerily.

"Doctor, is my wound as bad as that of Jake Rapp?" referring to a man on whom the Doctor had attended, and who had recovered.

"Yes, it is worse than that."

"Or of Lambert?" referring to another and similar one.

"No, not worse than Lambert."

"Well, if you can get this pain from my stomach, I will get along." This with his peculiar smile of self-reliance.

VALLANDIGHAM'S SON.

At this juncture Mr. Vallandigham's son appeared and entered the room. On approaching the bedside of his father, tears filled the eyes of the young man, and there was a look of tender affection from those of the parent that bespoke the wealth of that parent's love.

Placing his hand on the head of his boy, he fondled for a moment the object of his love. "Charley," said he, fondly, "be a good boy." After a short time he again turned to him, saying: "You are tired; you had better go to bed."

Weeping, the young man was led from the room.

A PRIVATE CONFERENCE.

Here Dr. Reeves announced to his patient that he was soon going to administer some more opiates to him, and that if he had anything to say, either in the way of messages to his friends or in relation to his business affairs, he had better do so now. All who were in the room left the wounded man with his physician, and their conference continued for ten or fifteen minutes. Of course what transpired then and there is entitled to the sanctity of privacy, and should not be made public, even if we were able to do so.

From this time until four o'clock there was but little change in Mr. Vallandigham's condition. His breathing grew more labored, his pulse quicker, and at times he seemed to be in great pain. About two o'clock, Rev. Mr. Haight, of the Presbyterian church of the village, called, and was admitted. He asked the doctor if he might be allowed to speak a few words to the wounded man. "No, I can not permit it," was the reply.

Mr. Vallandigham, casting a glance at the reverend gentleman, appeared to appreciate the object that prompted the visit.

Mr. Williamson here said: "Mr. Vallandigham, I suppose you have been told that your case is very critical. You oughtn't to be discouraged, though, but keep your spirits up. That's half the battle."

"Yes," answered the sufferer, closing his mouth with the old well-known expression of determination, and speaking from between his clenched teeth, "yes, sir; it's all the battle." He then closed his eyes, but in a few minutes opened them again, and fixing his gaze steadily on Mr. Williamson's countenance, said, in the same tone, but enunciating with great difficulty, "This may be all right yet. I may, however, be mistaken, but I am a firm believer in that good old Presbyterian doctrine of predestination." In fact, from the beginning, the strong, determined spirit of the man—the spirit that had carried him safely through many a well-known perilous complication, and done battle for the right on many a hard-fought field—faced approaching death, and fought, inch by inch, the grim specter, whose gaunt arms were already closing around him with fatal grasp. Said a gentleman who stood by his bed-side during the whole of that awful ordeal: "The man had determined, despite the bullet in his vitals, despite doctors' opinions, aye, despite the fates, not to die." During all this time and up to within a few minutes of the final agony, he lay with compressed lips and closed eyes, and bore with the fortitude of an Indian chief the agonies of death. Not a groan escaped him, nor a word save in answer to a question, or when giving directions as to change of position.

At four o'clock a. m. the symptoms were thought to be more alarming. Several friends of the wounded man, who had lain down to get a snatch of sleep, were roused up. The son appeared at the bedside again, the associates in trial now in progress, Judge Haines, his professional partner, Judge McKeemy, and several other intimate personal friends who had arrived during the night, were grouped about the room and gathered around the bed. In the past two hours a very noticeable change had come over the appearance of the wounded man. His breathing was still more difficult, and he was manifestly fast losing strength. It was thought that his hour had come. The gray dawn of morning twilight was just giving way to the light of day. In the trees on the opposite side of the street might be heard the song of birds, and the sidewalks below were just beginning to resound to the foot-steps of early-rising pedestrians.

By the side of his bed, and fanning his father, sat young Vallandigham. At the foot sat the venerable Judge Smith; on either side were his professional associates, Judges Haynes and McKeemy and Messrs. Hume, Milikin and others. The sound of approaching wheels was heard, and in a moment the physician who had been summoned from Cincinnati drove up to the door. A moment later he was in the room. He had driven twenty-eight miles through the dark in four hours, and found out that the patient he had come to see was beyond human power to save. He could only alleviate the suffering, not cure the malady of him who he had come to see.

Five, six and seven o'clock were successively struck, and the strong man lay motionless on the bed. Once or twice he muttered something that indicated that his mind was wandering, but at no time did courage seem to forsake him. It seemed to be a struggle for life, with the odds fearfully against it.

TOM M'GEHAN APPEARS.

Shortly after seven o'clock Tom, McGehan, the man whom he was here to defend, appeared under the escort of an officer from the jail. The man charged with murder, who has always been represented as being cold and remorseless as the grave, could not repress his tears. They fell thick and fast, and, weeping, he was led from the room back to his cell.

Nearly at the same time, McGehan's wife and children were admitted to gaze upon the one whom they had hoped would be the deliverer of their father and husband, but who, in his zeal for their cause, had taken his own life. This was one of the most affecting scenes of the day.

From about three o'clock this morning until the hour of his death, the patient seemed to suffer intense agony. Although partially under the influence of opiates, he was still conscious, and would readily answer the few questions addressed him by his friends and physicians.

His hands would involuntarily seek his abdomen in the region of the fatal wound and moved up in a vain effort to lift the great weight that he said seemed to be crushing out his life. Occasionally he would request to have his position slightly changed, but the changes gave him but little apparent relief. When these changes of position were made, the sorrowing spectators would catch views of the red sheets saturated with the life-blood of the pale sufferer.

Immediately after Tom McGehan and his family retired the real death-struggle began, and the strong, determined man began the last grapple with the invisible and relentless foe. The iron-will had at last lost complete control of the body. The head would occasionally move with sudden, jerky motion from side to side, and the body, from the hips upward, would sway from side to side, and again squirm and wriggle, in involuntary attempts to escape the crushing weight that the patient felt to be resting on his abdomen, where the fatal ball sped on its mission of death. The eyes, which up to this time had remained closed, now opened with a stare that, together with the tightly-clenched teeth, visible beneath the partially parted and rigid lips, and the pallid cheeks, presented a facial picture of agony such as none who witnessed will ever wish to behold again.

About half-past one o'clock, after an unusually violent struggle, the eyes began to grow glassy, and the face to assume that rigidly infallible sign of death. He remained perfectly quiet in this position for about fifteen minutes, when, by a sudden movement, the body stretched its full length in the bed, the eyes closed, and, with a deep drawn sigh, the dauntless soul deserted its tenement of clay, and C. L. Vallandigham was dead.

THE WOUND.

Dr. W. W. Dawson, of this city, furnishes us the following statement of the nature of the wound which caused Mr. Vallandigham's death.

The wound was in the right side, about two inches below the arch of the ribs, two inches in front of the lateral line, seven and a half inches from the umbilicus, and two inches above the umbilical level. The ball entered the abdominal cavity, from the point of entrance obliquely front, above, downward and inward, pointing toward the left inguinal region. The abdomen was distended with blood, and there was a constant exudation of it from the wound.

ARRIVAL OF THE REMAINS AT DAYTON.

DAYTON, June 17, 1871.—The remains of Hon. C. L. Vallandigham arrived here at six o'clock this evening, in the midst of a severe storm, which, unfortunately, prevented the carrying out of the original programme arranged for their reception.

A delegation of Masons from St. John's Lodge proceeded to Lebanon pike to intercept the cortege and join in the escort, which consisted of personal friends of Mr. Vallandigham.

It has not yet been decided when the funeral will take place.

Mrs. Vallandigham, who was summoned to Cumberland, Md., to attend the funeral of her brother, will not arrive home until to-morrow evening. It is almost needless to say that upon being apprised of her devoted husband's death, Mrs Vallandigham suffered a severe shock. A private telegram received to-night says she is now somewhat more composed.

Mr. Vallandigham's residence is besieged with friends, who come to take a last look and tender their heartfelt sympathies. The entire city wears an aspect of mourning, and all citizens, independent of political differences, vie with each other in lamenting the man who commanded the individual esteem of the entire community. With his death the hatchet is buried. There is but one voice, and that one of deep, indescribable grief.

Mr. Vallandigham will be escorted to his last resting-place by the largest concourse of people ever assembled upon a similar occasion.

DAYTON, O., June 17—12:15 A. M.—Mr. Vallandigham was a member of the Presbyterian Church until after the war broke out, when he was driven from it by proscription, and he joined the Episcopal Church.

The funeral sermon will be preached by Rev. Dr. E. P. Wright.

Mrs. Vallandigham will arrive in this city to-morrow night by special train from Cumberland, Md. It rests entirely with her where the funeral shall take place.

Mr. Vallandigham's face has a natural, calm, pleasant look. No evidence is manifested of the terrible pain and agony he must have endured in the last twenty-four hours.

M'GEHAN AT VALLANDIGHAM'S DEATH-BED.

An affecting and rather dramatic scene occurred in Mr. Vallandigham's room at Lebanon this morning just a few hours before he died.

Tom McGehan, on learning that Mr. Vallandigham had accidentally shot himself in illustrating the theory of the defense that Myers had accidentally shot himself, begged piteously to be taken to his room to see him. Accordingly, he was brought into Mr. V.'s room this morning, when the latter was known to be dying. The sight of Mr. V. lying there in his last agonies, the bed saturated with gore and Mr. V.'s life slowly ebbing away from him, seemed instantly to unnerve McGehan.

He trembled like an aspen leaf, and it seemed would have fallen if he had not reached out and clutched the arm of a bystander. Then after gazing awhile on Mr. V., his frame still trembling, threw up his hands and cried out wildly, "He died for me!" He continued to repeat these words until removed from the room.

"It's too true," said a bystander, outside of the door, "that Mr. Vallandigham did meet his death in defense of a miserable client, but I feel now that I would not give Vallandigham's little finger for a whole hecatomb of lives like McGehan's."

But this only shows the earnestness of Mr. V. as a lawyer, and the whole-hearted interest he always took in the case of any man he befriended, however humble or wretched.

General Durbin Ward has been retained by Tom McGehan to take the place made vacant by the death of Mr. Vallandigham.

# THE TURF.

## Racing at Jerome Park

NEW YORK, June 15.—At Jerome Park today the first race, mile heats, purse $700, for all ages, was won in 1:52, 1:53 by Chillicothe, beating Sanford and Gerald.

The second race for the Jockey Club handicaps, 2 miles, was won in 3:47 by Judge Durell, beating Hamburg, Finesse, Elliptic and Quentara in the order named.

Ladies' stakes for 3 year-old fillies, 1⅜ miles, was won by Nellie Gray in 3:03, beating Mary Clark, Mary Louise and Madam Dudley.

Selling sweepstakes for all ages, 1⅜ miles, was won by Belmont in 3:23½, beating Tolario.

Members' cup, one mile, for all ages, was won by Climax in 1:53, beating Doctor and Vesuvius.

RACES POSTPONED.

PROVIDENCE, June 15.—The Narragansett races were postponed to-day in consequence of a storm. The programme will be resumed Friday and closed Saturday.

## Toombs Called by the Kuklux Committee.

[From the Herald.

Bob Toombs, of Georgia, who says what he thinks much more boldly than Jeff Davis, is to be called before the Congressional anti-Kuklux committee to give his testimony as to the condition of the South. We hope Toombs will respond, for he may be enabled to let us know what is his ground for the faith that is in him that the Southern people want another war. He talked war enough to revolutionize the Western Hemisphere to our correspondent recently, and we are curious to see what he will say to the Congressional committee on that head.

The wheat crop in the Valley of Virginia is the best that has been harvested for several years.

# FOREIGN.

## Anti-Papal Demonstrations in Belgium—The Republican Press of Paris on the Form of Government—Report that Cluseret is Still Alive, etc., etc.

### The Great German Celebration.

BERLIN, June 16.—The triumphal entry of the army and inauguration of the equestrian statue of King Frederick William III. took place to-day in exact accordance with the programme given in the Imperial proclamation of the 13th. The weather was most favorable for the display, and the city was crowded with people, who have been thronging hither for the past fortnight. The streets along the line of march were superbly decorated, and in the public squares triumphal arches were raised and platforms erected to accommodate thousands of spectators. The procession was one of the most magnificent of modern times. Headed by the eagles and standards captured from the French, it marched in the order set forth in the imperial programme, from the Tempelhof field to the palace, between two rows of cannon, numbering some 2,000, taken during the war. At intervals along the line enormous trophies formed of captured arms were erected. After the first division of the victorious column had passed Brandenburg Gate the Emperor, with the German princes in his train, preceding the army, was received at the portal by deputations from the municipal government of Berlin and the principal cities of Germany. Addresses of welcome and congratulation were presented, when the Emperor, at the head of his brilliant cortege, rode down the "Via Triumphalis," which had been constructed in honor of the occasion. The road was strewn with flowers, as he advanced, by hundreds of young girls dressed in white. The army then entered the gate, the Prussian guards at the head of the line. It was mainly composed of detachments representing every regiment which took part in the war, each bearing the regimental colors. The appearance of the men was superb and the enthusiasm of the great number of spectators as they passed by was the "Pariser Platz," where the crowd was greatest, was cheered with unfailing enthusiasm. Some regiments were well known to the Berliners, and others which had particularly distinguished themselves during the campaign received special ovations, the people breaking into their ranks, crowning them with wreaths and overwhelming them with flowers. When the procession had concluded its march, the Emperor proceeded to unveil the statue of his father, Frederick William the Third. All the dignitaries of the empire, the victorious Generals and members of the German Parliament assisted at the ceremony in the presence of the army and countless multitudes of spectators. The veil of the statue was removed amid tremendous cheering, the firing of cannon and music from military bands. The Emperor, standing at the foot of the plateau, delivered a speech, closing with these words: "This monument, which was projected in a time of profoundest peace, now becomes a memorial of one of the most brilliant, though bloodiest, of modern wars. May the peace so dearly achieved be a lasting one." The ceremonies closed with conferring honors on the victorious commanders. Numerous orders were granted by the Emperor, and the hereditary command of the most distinguished regiments was given to various of the Generals and Princes. Among those who received these marks of fame from the hands of the Emperor were Prince George of Saxony and Prince Leopold of Bavaria. Gen Von Roon was elevated to the rank of Count of the Empire, and Gen. Von Moltke was made Field Marshal of the Imperial army. To-night the whole city is illuminated and the joy is at its hight.

### The Insurrection not yet Dead.

PARIS, June 16.—A proclamation has been issued by the International Society which declares: "We are disarmed, but not conquered, and are still one hundred thousand strong. Favre and Trochu were the authors of our misfortunes, aided by capital and the priesthood. We accept the responsibility of the conflagration. We must have no interior deputies; no divisions at the polls. The reaction took away our arms but not our votes. Vive la Sociale Republique! Vive la Commune!"

### Incredible.

The whole number of insurgents shot since the capture of Paris is eighteen thousand.

The Telegraph has a dispatch from Versailles which states that the Bonapartist candidates are making vast efforts, and spending a great deal of money to effect their election to the Assembly. They really have no chance of success, for the Assembly itself is determined upon upholding the statu quo.

LONDON, June 17.—The demonstration in Brussels yesterday in honor of the Pope's jubilee, was a complete failure.

PARIS, June 18.—The Republican journals have united in a manifesto to meet the electoral programme put forth by the monarchical press. They declare that a republic is the only national and legitimate expression of the national sovereignty; a monarchy implies its abdication. They will give their support to the candidates who are pledged to maintain the present government.

### A French Loan

will be issued on the 26th instant if the Assembly passes the bill authorizing it before that date.

### Raising of the State of Siege.

La Verite says the state of siege will be raised on the 26th.

The Duke of Chartres is a candidate for the Assembly in La Vendee.

The Duke of Aumale is moving into his chateau.

### Reorganization of the Central Committee.

The Journal of Paris reports that the Central Committee has been reorganized under the name of the Central Committee of the Federal National Guard, with M. Domleron President and M Reynolds Picard Vice President.

Count Bourgoine has been appointed Minister to the Hague.

A number of Swiss soldiers, taken prisoners during the last days of the insurrection, have been discharged

### Cluseret Alive.

It is rumored that Cluseret is alive and has been arrested.

### Masses for the Victims.

Masses will be said in all the churches of Paris on Tuesday for the souls of the victims of the civil war. Crowds of visitors arrive by every train, and business is improving. The city is healthy.

The German troops have evacuated Chantilly.

### Conduct of the English Press.

The Official Journal has a strong article abusing a portion of the English press for hostility to France. It stigmatizes their misrepresentations as cold-blooded and cowardly, and charges that some of the writers were bribed during and since the war.

### Anti-Papal Demonstrations.

BRUSSELS, June 18.—The churches and many houses were illuminated to-night in honor of the Papal anniversary, but the celebration is attended by some disorder. Violent anti-Papal demonstrations are made by large crowds, who pass through the streets and smash the illuminated windows. The troops still keep within their barracks, but a force of special constables have been called out and several arrests have been made. The Italian flag is frequently displayed, and large numbers of citizens wear Italian colors in their button-holes.

# MISCELLANEOUS.

### The Austrian Policy of Peace.

VIENNA, June 18.—In the Hungarian delegation last week the sub-committee to whom the subject was referred agreed to recommend a vote of confidence in the Government's policy of peace. Prime Minister Von Beust, addressing the committee, said the Government harbored no designs against Germany. Austria still kept her representative at the courts of the South German sovereigns, but at Prussia's desire. The Austrian Embassador still remained at Rome, with the consent of the Italian Government.

### Italian Affairs.

FLORENCE, June 17.—The result of the first levy for the Italian army in the Roman provinces is satisfactory. King Victor Emanuel is going to Naples. On his return, he will visit Rome.

### Belgium's Congratulations to the Pope.

BRUSSELS, June 18.—The King and Queen of the Belgians have written to the Pope to congratulate him on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his pontificate.

### British Politics.

LONDON, June 18.—The Observer announces that Prof. Montague Bernard, late of the Joint High Commission, will enter the Privy Council. There is no truth in the reports, which have just been revived, that D'Israeli is to be deposed from the leadership of the Opposition.

### Fenians Break Open an Armory.

DUBLIN, June 18.—A gang of men, supposed to be Fenians, broke into the Militia Armory at Mallow, on Saturday night, and carried off 120 rifles. The sentinel fired upon the men as they were leaving, but all escaped. Some arms were discovered this morning in a neighboring field. Five persons have been arrested on suspicion.

### The Corean Attack on Americans.

HONG KONG, June 18.—The news of the fight between the American expedition and the Coreans causes much excitement among foreigners here. Dispatches from Washington are anxiously looked for, as it is expected that Admiral Rodgers will continue hostile operations unless he receives orders to the contrary.

# MONETARY AND COMMERCIAL.

OFFICE OF THE COURIER-JOURNAL, }
SATURDAY EVENING, June 17. }

The past week has been one of unusual quiet, all branches of trade having experienced a great falling off in their business. The banks have discounted freely, and are still responding to the calls of all those who offer first-class paper with good security. The rates of discount are 8 to 10 per cent.

EXCHANGE—Passes from bank to bank at 1-20 premium. The counter rate is par buying and 1-10 premium selling, but ⅛ per cent is charged in remitting for collection.

GOLD—Has been in some demand, but the transactions were not large. The changes in price have been so little as to be scarcely perceptible. It opened at 112¾, touched 112½ for a few minutes, but closed at 112¾.

Morton, Galt & Co., Bankers, Main street, between Fourth and Fifth, quote:

| | Buying. | Selling. |
|---|---|---|
| Gold | 112 | 112¾ |
| Silver halves and quarters | 106 | 108 |
| Silver dimes | 103 | 105 |

GOVERNMENT BONDS—Our investors are not content with such low rates of interest as Government bonds pay; hence there are few held in the market, and the transactions in them are limited.

| | Buying. Selling. |
|---|---|
| Coupons, '81 | 116¾@117¼ |
| " '62 | 111¼@112¼ |
| " '64 | 111¼@112¼ |
| " '65 | 111¼@112¼ |
| " new '65 | 113¾@114¼ |
| " '67 | 113¾@114¼ |
| " '68 | 113¾@114¼ |
| 10-40s | 109 @110 |
| Currency 6s | 114¼@115¼ |

The following quotations will show the course of the New York market during the past three days:

| | Thur. | Fri. | Sat. | Ad. De. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Coupons, '81 | 117¾ | 117¾ | 117¾ | .. .. |
| " '62 | 112 | 112 | 112¾ | ¾ .. |
| " '64 | 112 | 112 | 112¾ | ¾ .. |
| " '65 | 112 | 112 | 112¾ | ¾ .. |
| " '65 (new) | 114½ | 114½ | 114¾ | ¼ .. |
| " '67 | 114½ | 114½ | 114¾ | ¼ .. |
| Coupons '68 | 114½ | 114½ | 114¾ | ¼ .. |
| 10-40 coupons | 110 | 110 | 110 | .. .. |
| Cy 6s | 115¼ | 115¼ | 115¼ | .. .. |

LOCAL STOCKS AND BONDS.—We have few remarks to make upon the local stock and bond market. Favorite bank stocks, such as Bank of Kentucky, Merchants' Bank, Northern Bank and Western Financial Corporation, and all of the National Banks are firm, but very little changing hands. Railroad stocks have been offered very freely, and we report several sales of Nashville stock and some transactions in both the preferred and common stock of the Short Line road. The following quotations are furnished by Morton, Galt & Co., bankers, 150 West Main street, between Fourth and Fifth:

STOCKS.

| | Bid. | Asked |
|---|---|---|
| National Bank, First | 117 | 119 |
| National Bank, Second | 100 | 102 |
| National Bank, Planters' | 100 | 103¾ |
| National Bank, City | 102 | 105 |
| Bank of America | 97 | 100 |
| Bank of Kentucky | 101 | 102 |
| Bank of Louisville | 85 | 86 |
| Merchants' Bank | 120 | 123 |
| Commercial Bank | 75 | 76 |
| Central Bank | 99 | 101 |
| Northern Bank | 128 | 131 |
| Citizens' Bank | 116 | 118 |
| People's Bank | 99 | 100 |
| Masonic Bank | 104 | 105 |
| Farmers' Bank | 99 | 101 |
| Security Bank | 117 | 118 |
| German Bank | 130 | .. |
| West'n Finan'l Corporation Bank | 99 | 100 |
| Falls City Tobacco Bank | 98 | 99 |
| Farmers' and Drovers' Bank | 103 | 104 |
| Financial and Manufact'ng Bank | 99 | 100 |
| Louisville Insurance Co. Bank | 130 | .. |
| German Insurance Co. Bank | 134 | 135 |
| Western Insurance Co. Bank | 129 | 130 |
| Jeff., Mad. and Ind. R. R. Co. | 45 | 47½ |
| Central Savings Bank | .. | .. |
| Lou., Cin. and Lex. R. R., com'n | 44 | 46 |
| Lou., Cin. and Lex. R. R., pref'd | 91 | 92 |
| Louisville and Nashville R. R. | 78 | 79 |
| Gas Company stock | 118 | 120 |

BONDS.

| | Bid. | Asked |
|---|---|---|
| L. & N. R. R. Co., old, 7 per c. | 88 | 90 |
| L. & N. R. R. Co., new, 7 per c. | 90 | *92¼ |
| L., C. & L. R. R., 1st mort., 7 per c. | *84 | *85 |
| L., C. & L. R. R., 2d mort., 8 per c. | .. | *85 |
| J., M. & I. R. R., 1st mort., 7 per c. | 84 | 85 |
| J., M. & I. R. R., 2d mort., 7 per c. | 74 | 75 |
| E. & P. R. R., 1st mort., 8 per c. | .. | *87½ |
| City for improvements, 6 per c. | 77 | 78 |
| City for bounty, 6 per c. | 78 | 79 |
| City for schools, 6 per c. | 79 | 81 |
| City for wharf, old, 6 per c. | 79 | 81 |
| City for wharf, new, 6 per c. | 77 | 80 |
| City for water-works, old, 6 per c | 83 | 84 |
| City for water-works, new, 6 per c | 80 | 81 |
| City for L. & N. R. R., M. S., 6 per c | 81 | 81 |
| City for L. & N. R. R., L. E., 6 per c | 78 | *82 |
| City for E. & P. R. R., 7 per c. | .. | *89 |
| City for old liabilities, 10 yrs, 7 per c | 85* | *86 |
| City for school purposes, 7 per c. | 94½ | *95¼ |
| Water-works bonds, 6 per c. | 82 | 83 |
| Canal bonds, second issue, 6 per c | 93 | 95 |
| Canal bonds, third issue, 6 per c. | 84 | 85 |
| Canal bonds, fourth issue, 6 per c. | 82½ | 83½ |
| Kentucky State bonds, old, 6 per c | 99 | 100 |
| Kentucky State bonds, new, 6 per c | 90 | 92 |
| Ohio River Bridge Co., 7 per c | 89½ | *90¼ |
| Grayson county, 7 per c. | 80 | 81 |
| Muhlenburg county, 7 per c. | 75 | 76 |
| Lyon county, 7 per c. | 75½ | 76½ |
| Caldwell county, 7 per c. | 73 | 75 |
| McCracken county, 7 per c. | 74½ | 75½ |
| Shelby county, 8 per c. | .. | *96½ |
| New Albany City, 7 per c. | .. | *85 |
| Cass county, Mo., new 10 per cent | .. | *80 |
| Vernon co., Mo., 8 per cent | .. | *80 |
| Marion county, Mo., 8 per cent | .. | *80 |

Bonds marked * are sold with interest added.

### Money Matters in Cincinnati.

No new feature was developed in the discount market to-day. There is still a demand for currency from the interior, chiefly from the wool districts, though it is not as heavy as early in the week. Balances, however, are running down, but the supply of currency is still liberal, and in some cases a considerable surplus was reported. The demand for discounts was only moderate, ily negotiated. The "names" are in ready about all that is being made, and there is comparatively little afloat in the open market. There is but a limited amount of paper of a speculative character offering, the demand being almost exclusively for regular business purposes, and well distributed. Rates of interest are unchanged and steady. In the open market 7@8 per cent. are the current figures for first-class signatures, and good commercial bills. In bank rates range from 7 to 9 per cent., according to the character of the paper. Loans can be had on call at 6 per cent., with first-class securities as collaterals.

The demand for exchange for mercantile purposes was fair, but the receipts were more liberal, and the supply was in excess of the demand and the market ruled dull, though there has been no material change in rates. Bankers generally received it of depositors at par, but they refused to allow outside parties more than 50c per $1,000 discount. The sales over the counter to-day were mainly at par, though for small checks 50c per $1,000 premium was charged.—[Enquirer, 17th.

### Swindling in Wool.

Twenty-seven bales of wool received in this city not long since, and consigned to Koshland Bros. were sent to the Wool Exchange for repacking, when it was found that nearly every bale had been purposely filled with earth to increase its weight. Nine bales were opened, and every one was composed of alternate layers of earth and wool, the earth in each weighing about 50 pounds. Eighteen bales remain unopened, and will be kept intact to aid in fastening the swindle on the proper party. This effort of strategy, if successful, would have effected a sale of a little over a half ton of earth, at thirty-five cents per pound, netting a loss to the purchaser of over $403. The wool is marked "Frank Hardman," certainly not a misnomer if he be the one who attempted the swindle. It is time this sort of thing was stopped; such discoveries are of too frequent occurrence by far. The man on whom such an act is fastened should have his name published broadcast throughout the State, which would effectually prevent his fastening it to another consignment of wool.—[San Francisco Bul., 10th.

### Philadelphia Boot and Shoe Market.

There still continues a steady though moderate call for assorted goods, and these come in orders from traveling salesmen, who find much opposition in the way of making sales; due, to a great extent, to the decided adverse views taken by the country merchants, they deeming it advisable rather to carry a light stock in the face of the present scarcity of money among the farmers, than to order largely and when the time comes to meet their indebtedness, they will either be compelled to sacrifice their goods or to go by the board. However, should the coming crops be very large, there will be quite an avenue opened for the large sums locked up in our large cities, and give the bondmen an opportunity to invest, which at this time he is not disposed to do. We only hear of a few purchasers in the market, mostly from the interior and western towns of this State. The manufacturers are rapidly closing out the orders on hand, and, with the few additional ones received from time to time, expect to be employed till the first of the coming month. The inquiry consists chiefly for Eastern and city-made shoes suitable for the season. There has been quite an active demand for slippers; some nice sales were made in this line during the week. Prices are steady, and no prospects of a decline. The manufacturers have the California trade, and at the present time are very busy in shipping goods for that section.—[Shoe and Leather Reporter, 15th.

### Cheese Markets.

UTICA, N. Y., June 12.—There are no sales to quote, but holders want 12c, while buyers think they ought to get a prime article for 11½c. Sales will probably be made at 11@12c this afternoon. The recent rain have been too light to do much good, though, perhaps, they will somewhat check the shrinkage of the yield of milk, and should they be followed by frequent showers, both our pastures and meadows will be beautiful.

LITTLE FALLS, N. Y., June 12.—Less dairy cheese offered than last week. The market is brightening a little, but prices are low, owing to the poor quality. Prices range from 5c to 10½c.

Butter—A few tubs brought 23c.

### Richardson, Spence & Co.'s Circular.

LIVERPOOL, June 2, 1871.—COTTON—The market opened after the Whitsuntide holidays with a very general and active demand, which has continued animated ever since, and although holders have mostly offered their stocks pretty freely, prices have advanced about ⅛d per lb; but the excitement here does not seem to have been responded to in Manchester, where business rather flags. "Middlings" bowed 7⅞d per lb; Mobiles, 7⅞d per lb; Orleans, 8⅛d per lb; Texas, 8⅛d per lb.

BREADSTUFFS—The weather continues fine. Farmers' deliveries of wheat are larger, and the imports heavy. The trade has been quiet at 1d to 2d decline, but at our market to-day there was a good consumptive demand at the reduction. Flour quiet. Indian Corn—Moderate demand for mixed at 6d to 9d per quarter decline. No white here.

PROVISIONS—Beef—Dull and declining. Pork—Slow sale, and prices in favor of buyers. Bacon—Holders meet the demand, and prices are easier. Hams and shoulders firm. Lard—Small sales at 6d decline. Cheese—Moderate consumptive demand.

PRODUCE—Tallow—The demand is good and prices are 6d higher. In London P. Y. C. 43s 6d @43s 9d, spot. Linseed cakes—Dull at £10 10s. Cotton seed cakes—sales 3,600 bags decorticated at £7 5s@7 10s. Petroleum—Holders have advanced the price to 1s 6d, and the business is small. Spirits dull at 9@9½d. Quer. bark—Nothing to report—Naval stores—Rosin quiet at 6s 3d@6s 4½d for common. Spirits of turpentine advanced on small stock to 40s.

### The Wool Clip in Ohio and Pennsylvania.

In Crawford county, Ohio, we learn from the local press, nearly all the wool was contracted for before shearing at 50 cents. The Columbus journal says wool rules in all markets through the central belt of Ohio at 50 cents a pound. Some who were foolish enough to sell without consulting the papers sold at 45 cents.—[Cin. Gaz., 17th.

The Pittsburg Gazette of June 15 says:

The operations in wool have been large during the past week—unusually so—and the market is firm and somewhat excited, not only here, but all over the country; it is said that almost the entire clip has been taken out of the hands of growers; many districts sold closely up in a few days, and, as might be expected, prices are higher, ranging from 50 to 55—fancy clips have sold up to 60 and even 70 cents—however, in this section of the country the bulk of the sales were at 50.

The Mercer Dispatch says:

Wool is bringing from 50 to 55c per lb in this market, and there is a great demand for it at that. A large proportion of this year's clip is already engaged.

The Wellsburg Herald says large quantities of wool are coming into that town, and prices average about 50c per pound. Some clips sell for less, some for more.

The Mt. Vernon (O.) Banner says:

The wool market has been quite active during the past week, and there has been a healthy advance in prices. When the market opened this season the price paid was 45@50c per lb., but now the figures are 48@54c, according to quality. Some inferior lots only bring 45c, but most of the sales have been from 50 to 54c.

The trade in wool in this locality has not opened as briskly as buyers were led to anticipate. Messrs. Orr & Cooper, of Beaver, are paying from 45 to 50 cents per pound, and have stored several thousand dollars' worth at these figures. Farmers, as a general thing, seem to think that prices will range higher, and accordingly are not hurrying their wool to market.—[Beaver Argus.

Vast quantities of wool have changed hands in this county during the past ten days; indeed, it is more than probable that by far the largest part of the clip has already been sold. The price paid was about fifty cents, although some badly put up lots did not bring that sum, while some extra clips brought from fifty-two to fifty-five, and some super-extra were sold at sixty.—[Washington Review.

A gentleman from Cadiz informs us that the excitement there among wool buyers and wool growers is unusually lively. Prices are firm, with an upward tendency. As high as 56 cents per pound has been paid for choice clips, while average lots bring 53 cents.—[Steubenville Herald.

### News From the Crops—South.

DELAWARE.

The Delaware peninsula will, it is reported, this year, ship 3,500,000 baskets of peaches, or 500,000 more than in 1869.

TENNESSEE.

Last week our exchanges from all parts of the country spoke of the great improvement in wheat and the flattering prospects of a full crop, but on inquiring among our observing farmers, we find that this is a mistake. We are convinced from the most reliable information that we can gather that the crop in this immediate section is not sufficient for home consumption, and it is reasonable to judge that the crop throughout the Southern States is in no better condition than ours, having suffered alike from the same disease. Wheat matured rapidly this season and ripened unusually early, and presented an improved appearance when it commenced ripening; but farmers are sadly disappointed on entering the harvest to find their crops hardly worth saving. Wheat that stands thick on the ground, of good hight, and apparently rich, heavy heads, is discovered to contain shriveled, faulty grains. Where there should be from three to four full, plump grains in a mesh, there are only two and three small ones, and the upper and lower meshes have none at all. Again, as the wheat ripens, the straw becomes weak, and falls to the ground before it can be harvested.—[Clarksville Tobacco Leaf, 14th.

TEXAS.

R. Chester gives us the gratifying news that the crops in his neighborhood, on Little Elm, are looking very fine indeed. The rain that fell on Friday last proved the salvation of the farming prospects in this as well as other counties. Mars Hare is engaged at cutting his wheat, the yield of which is not as abundant this year as was expected by sanguine farmers. Mr. Chester thinks the corn yield will average fully forty bushels to the acre, if not more.—[Denton Monitor.

Crops are looking well. Roasting ears will soon be in our reach. The rain last week was a God-send indeed. The Guadalupe river has been on a rise of some twelve or fourteen feet during the week, but has receded.—[Victoria Advocate.

The fruit crop promises a more abundant yield than ever before. Peach, apple and pear trees are loaded down, whilst the vineyards everywhere are groaning under the weight of luscious grapes of numerous varieties. The pecan, acorn, wild peach and wild plum mast also promise to be very large, but, unfortunately, the great scarcity of hogs in the country will render these crops comparatively worthless.—[Gonzales (Hill county, Texas) Inquirer, June 3d.

KENTUCKY.—The late rains, together with the hot weather, have had a splendid effect upon the corn crop, which is coming forward with remarkable progress. It has seldom looked better at this season of the year. The barley crop is now being harvested and the yield is much larger than our farmers predicted. The midge has made its appearance in the rye and wheat in certain localities.—[Maysville Bul., 15th.

VIRGINIA.—An intelligent and observant gentleman from Bedford informs us that the wheat crop, which is now being harvested in his county, is much better than had been expected; though the quantity is deficient in some instances, the quality is excellent. On the whole, the farmers are in much better spirits than they were a few weeks ago.

The yield of oats will be unusually light, many fields not being worth the trouble of harvesting. Clover is generally very low, and quite a number of fields in his section will not be mowed in consequence. There will probably be a full average crop of rye, buckwheat and Irish potatoes. Sorghum is not much cultivated, and generally looks badly. The growing corn, however, is unusually promising, and preparations have been made for an unprecedentedly large crop.

The prospects for tobacco are decidedly unfavorable. Many planters, seeing their plants destroyed by the fly as fast as they appeared, abandoned tobacco entirely and turned their attention to corn. The heavy rains which fell a few weeks since destroyed the fly, and greatly benefited the plants, but the relief came too late for a full or good crop to be raised. The result is that those who raise the weed at all will be compelled to cut it green or give it up to frost, so that the great bulk of Bedford tobacco brought to market next year will necessarily be of a very inferior quality.

Intelligence from Botetourt, Rockbridge, and the northern portion of Amherst is more favorable. The corn is generally looking remarkably well; wheat will make a full average yield, and the hay crop will be a very large one. In many localities in Botetourt and Amherst there is a very good prospect for tobacco, rye, oats, potatoes, and fruit, and there is no doubt that the condition of the crops has been very generally exaggerated.—[Lynchburg Republican, 15th.

GEORGIA.

MACON, GA., June 10.—"Rain, rain, rain; pitiless, ceaseless rain," says Washington Irving, describing a "wet spell" which he experienced in a village in England. If the cotton planters of Georgia were asked to describe the rains which for weeks have deluged their crops, suspended all cultivation and blighted their prospects, they would certainly call them pitiless and ceaseless. The injury already done is incalculable, and if the wet weather continues it will ruin everything but the grass, which naturally grows apace. For the last twenty-four hours we have had no thunder, lightning, or rain, but the clouds are gathering again for another storm. The cotton crop has been cut off fully one-fourth on an average all over the State, and in many places the cotton-fields have been or will be plowed up and corn planted. Nor has corn escaped. All that which was planted on low lands has been so drenched that it has turned yellow, and will be [illegible] upland corn is doing very well, and will yield abundantly. Wheat and oats have been badly damaged by rust, and what the rust has not destroyed will be ruined by the rain, whether it has been reaped or not. Early in the spring the wheat and oat crops promised to be very large. It will be far below an average in many places. So far as I can learn, the rust has been most injurious to the crops raised from Georgia seed. Wheat and oats raised from Northern, or foreign-grown seed, have either partially or wholly escaped. I have not heard of a single instance of oats grown from Prince Edward Island seed which has been attacked by rust.—[Cor. N. Y. Times.

A bet was registered yesterday of $100 that the cotton receipts of Columbus in 1871-2 would not amount to more than 50,000 bales. According to the ratio of 1870-1 this is equivalent to a bet that the United States crop will not amount to more than 2,800,000 bales. Rains have played havoc with our crops, which are generally the surest of any in the South.—[Columbus Sun.

ALABAMA.

WEDOWEE, June 8, 1871.—I have been traveling for nearly two weeks in different sections of our county (Randolph), and find the wheat crop very partial. On high, rich hills, where the water can run off, the wheat looks very well, especially that sown before and in December. On late sown and low and flat lands, the wheat is generally sorry. Some farms will make good crops; others, close by, scarcely any.

Oats, as a general thing, look well. There must be 25 or 30 per cent. more sown this than last year. Corn is generally small.

Our best cotton lands are and have been too wet to plant, though I see some farmers preparing them for that purpose. I think that some farmers will plant if it is the 20th instant before the land becomes dry. Some say it does best when planted in June. Cotton is at least 25 or 30 per cent. less in acreage than last year. What I have said of wheat and corn I also say of cotton. Some farmers say their prospects were never better, while others say they were never worse. The acreage of corn, wheat and oats has increased, while of cotton it has decreased. From the best information I could gather, our county made over 5,000 bales of cotton last year. I don't think, from present appearances, there will be three thousand made this season. Our peach and plum trees are breaking down. Pears are about an average crop. Apples are not more than a third of a crop. There has been but little intermission in rain for more than a month. The farmers are now harvesting their wheat.—[Cor. Montgom. Adv.

Our crop prospects are not so flattering as we expected sometime ago. We notice that our exchanges report small crops, attributable to too much wet weather. There is at least a decrease of 15 per cent. of acreage in cotton, and in coupling this fact with the probability of not making a half yield we can safely venture the prediction that the market will fall short about one-third in this State.—[Livingston (Sumter Co.) Journal.

The crop reports are unfavorable. The continued wet weather has put all the planters deeply in the grass. The corn crop is tolerably promising, but cotton is in a shy way, and generally very backward. The impression prevails in planting circles that the cotton crop of this year will be the smallest that has been raised in this county since the war.—[Eutaw (Greene county) Whig.

TUSKEGEE, June 9, 1871.—The late incessant rains have almost ruined the crops of this and other sections, and proportionally depressed the spirits of the community. The bottom lands have been flooded with water for months, rendering it impossible for the laborers to enter them with the plow. The consequence is that weeds and grass hold unlimited sway, over both corn and cotton, and it is impossible to recover numberless acres. A farmer said in our hearing a few days ago that in a field of 150 acres he had planted in cotton in the spring, and once vigorous and promising, he could not discover a stalk of cotton not completely overrun with rank vegetation.—[Cor. Montgomery Advertiser.

### North.

ILLINOIS.

SPRINGFIELD, June 13.—It is said the wheat in this county will yield 25 bushels per acre. A very little smut is reported in some fields, but not enough to be a serious damage.

CHICAGO, June 14.—The crop reports from all sections of this State, and, for that matter, from all parts of the Northwest, are generally of an encouraging character. From many quarters rather outspoken complaints are received of the ravages of the chinch-bug and other insects, but as a rule the reports bear cheerful tidings about the wheat, corn, oats, rye and barley crops. The weather during the present farming season has been remarkably favorable. During the time for sowing and planting it was generally mild and pleasant, and since the crops have been put in, the Western and Northern States have been well favored with rains, and sufficiently favorable weather to bring the crops forward in an unusual manner, and to give them a stand that will be of great service to enable them to undergo the changes which are likely to be experienced in the weather between now and harvest time. If no unfavorable circumstances occur during the present and coming month to affect the progress which they have already made, the grain crops of the present year promise to be unsurpassed in quality and yield, and, as there is reason to believe that our grain will meet with an improved European demand as France gradually recovers from the effects of the recent war, the farmers are likely to realize for their grain of 1871 prices closely approaching the figures which have prevailed during the past year.

CROPS IN MICHIGAN.—A correspondent writing from Kent county, Michigan, says: Crops in Northern Michigan have been suffering from a drouth. Thousands of acres of wheat scarcely a foot high have begun to head. Oats, too, are scorched and dwarfed, while meadows look as if they had been visited with fire, especially on light sandy soils. Corn, also, has suffered from the intense and protracted heat, the thermometer running for days at 95 degrees in the shade. The potato crop bids fair to be a total failure throughout Michigan, from the ravages of the Colorado bug. In most sections the early varieties are already eaten up, while the later planted have not sprouted for want of rain.

### Fruit Prospects in New York.

[From the Rochester Express, June 13.]

The strawberry crop, which was almost a failure from the drouth, has improved wonderfully since Saturday's rains, and will yield fairly. Prices cannot, however, go as low as they have gone in previous years.

Raspberries will be abundant and cheap this year. They can be grown for half the price per quart that strawberries cost, and while strawberries have for years been sold too low for profit raspberries have been quite high enough. We expect to see a change now, and have cheap raspberries for a series of years, while strawberries will be dearer. The raspberry crop is much surer in a dry season than strawberries, and this year will be very abundant.

Cherries are generally a light crop in and around Rochester, though some trees are quite full, and there will probably be enough for a moderate consumption.

Blackberries have never been so plenty and cheap in this market as they will be this year. The tender varieties, such as the Lawton, were not injured by the winter, and there are many plantations of Kittatiny and early Wilson which are never injured by the severest cold weather.

Courier-Journal.

LOUISVILLE, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 21, 1871.

## "ARIEL."

### The Story of a Poem.

Several years ago, in Nashville, Col. Buckner H. Payne was tried for the murder of a Col. Allen, who, it was alleged, had been improperly intimate with Payne's wife. During the trial, the lines which we publish below were read in court. They were said to have been written by Col. Payne, and were looked upon as something in the way of a description of a vision of what might be the future of his supposed faithless wife. Payne was said to be a learned man, of varied attainments, and the poem created quite a sensation. It may or may not have affected the the jury, but however that may be, Payne was acquitted. Now comes the Washington Republican with another version of the origin of the lines. The Republican says: "During the late war a small party of Confederate officers, whose commands were stationed in Richmond, started out for a spree in that city, and, without putting too fine a point on it, 'did the town.' On their return to their barracks two of their number, who were room-mates, commenced a conversation concerning the evening's experience. One of these was so impressed with an incident of the evening that, after tossing in bed for a long time, his companion having maintained a strict silence, he exclaimed: 'Hal, I can't sleep for thinking of that woman. I must write something, and here's at it.' He sprang out of bed, and getting an old account book, wrote therein the sad lay. Two days after this occurrence he was killed at the head of his regiment. The poem first appeared in a Southern paper, and has since been copied, more or less garbled, in several other journals throughout the country. We present it, without any apologetic words for its subject, in its original purity:

The iron voice from yonder spire has hushed its solemn tone,
And midnight finds me lying here in silence and alone;
The still moon thro' my window sheds its soft light on the floor,
With a melancholy paleness I have never seen before;
And the summer wind [illegible] with its sad Æolian lay,
As if burthened with the sorrows of a weary, [illegible]
[illegible] cannot soothe me or the [illegible] here within,
And the sad wind takes no portion from my bosom's weight of sin;
Yet my heart and all its pulses seem so quietly at rest,
That I scarcely feel them beating in my arms or in my breast.
And these rounded limbs are resting now so still upon the bed,
One would think to see me here that I was lying dead;
What if it were so—what if I died—died as I am lying now—
With something like to virtue's calm upon this marble brow?
What if I died to-night? Ah! now this slothful heart begins to beat—
A fallen wretch like me to pass from earth, so sadly sweet.
But I am calm—as calm as clouds that slowly float and form
To give their tearful strength to some unpitying summer storm;
As calm as great Sahara, ere the simoon sweeps its waste;
Or as the wide sea its white waves all its shores have laced.
Still, still I have no tears to shed; these eyelids have no store,
The fountain once within me is a fountain now no more.
The moon alone weeps for me now, the pale and thoughtful moon;
She wept for dying Mary thro' all the night's sweet noon;
What if I died to-night, within these wretched walls,
Upon whose crimson trappings no eye of virtue ever falls?
What would its soulless inmates do when they had found me here,
With cheek too white for passion's smile, too cold for passion's tear?
Oh! one would come, and from these arms unclasp these bauble bands,
Another wrench the jewels from these fairer, whiter hands;
This costly robe another form would deck, oh long before
The moonlight came again to sleep upon the floor;
And when they'd laid me in the ground, where paupers' graves are made,
Beneath no bended willow, "heaven-haunted shade,"
Who'd come and plant a flower o'er poor Mary's friendless grave,
Or trim the tangled wild grass that no summer wind could wave.
Who'd raise a stone to mark it from the ruder graves around?
That the passing strangers' footsteps might respect the spot of ground.
No stone would stand above me! no little waving tree,
No hand would plant a flower on a fallen one like me!
What if I died to-night? and when to-morrow's sun had crept
Where late the silver moon in virgin beauty slept,
They'd come and find me here, oh who would weep to see me dead?
Who'd bend the knee of sorrow by the pulseless wanton's bed?
There's one would come—my mother! God bless the angel band
That bore her ere her daughter fell to yonder quiet land!
Thank God for all the anthems that gladdened angels sing
When my mother went to heaven and I was pure and young!
Yes! and there's another, too, would come, a man upon whose brow
My shame has wrought the winter snow to rest so heavy now.
Yes, he would come with manhood tears all burning down his cheek,
Had reason's kingdom stronger been when virtue grew so weak?
My sisters and my brothers thank God are far away;
They'll never know how died the one who mingled in their play.
They'll never know how wretchedly their darling sister died—
The one who smil'd whene'er they smil'd, who cried whene'er they cried.
I'm all alone to-night. How strange it is that I should be alone.
This gilded chamber seems to ask some roue's wonted tone.
You soulless mirror, with its all unvarnished face,
Sees not these jeweled arms to-night in their unchaste embrace.
Ah! I have fled the fever of that hated gilded hall
Where I could claim the gayest, the richest of them all,
Where I could smile upon them with that easy wanton grace
Which subdues the blood of virtue that would struggle to my face.
Yet I hate them all; I scorn them as they scorn me on the street.
I could spurn away the pressure that my lips so often meet;
I could trample on their lucre that their passion never spares;
For they have robbed me of a heritage of greater price than theirs.
They can never give me back again what I have thrown away—
The brightest jewel woman wears throughout her little day—
The brightest and the only one that from the cluster riven
Shuts out forever woman's heart from all its hopes of Heaven.
What if I died to-night, died as I am lying here?
There's many a green leaf withers, ere the autumn comes to sere.
There's many a dewdrop shaken down ere yet the sunshine came,
And many a spark has died before it wakened into flame.
What if I died to-night and left these wretched bonds of clay
To seek beyond this hollow sphere a brighter, better day;
What if my soul passed out to seek that heaven of the blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest,
Would angels call me from above, and beckon me to come,
And join them in their holy songs in that eternal home?
Would they clasp their hands in gladness when they saw my soul set free,
And point beside my mother for a place reserved for me?
Would they meet me as a sister, as one of precious worth,
Who had won a place in heaven by her holiness on earth?
Oh, God! I would not have my soul go out upon the air
With all this weight of wretchedness, to wander—where? oh, where?

## SMALL TALK.

The Chicago Germans keep their war-flags flying.

Washburne has inflicted *his* account of the capture of Paris.

A lake of borax has been discovered in Washington Territory.

Grant, in the absence of an opportunity to punish Kentucky, is punishing Kentucky Bourbon.

A Chicago boy hangs by one hand from a fifth-story window, "just to scare the folks below." He succeeds in getting a crowd every time.

Charles Reade thinks it a mistake to suppose that "great wits to madness nearly are allied." He believes the insane in general are people with very little brains, and enormous egotism.

Lucille Western is still addicted to playing East Lynne. If we could only have a Lucille Eastern to play West Lynne, the drama in this country might be made remunerative.

Mrs. Bella French lectures in Minnesota to some purpose. The organ of a rising village says: "Her lecture has had a telling effect on the inhabitants. Every man in our village has left off wearing corsets, and most of the women have quit chewing tobacco and drinking whisky."

Mr. Greeley has been decidedly improved in temper and personal appearance by his trip South. His style of speaking is much less emphatic, his raiment is more in accord with the fashion of the present century, and altogether he gives one the impression of a man "touting" himself, as it were, to be next President of the United States.—[N. Y. Com. Adv.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial, who has been interviewing a Chinaman, writes: "He tells me that it is the tradition of the Chinese Rationalists that the world was created out of chaos by Pwan Koo, answering to our Adam, who labored at that great enterprise eighteen thousand years, and then died for its benefit, and that from his flesh came the fields, from his bones the rocks and mountains, from his hair and whiskers the stars, from his breath wind, &c., and lastly (oh! Dr. Darwin, shuffle the cards again), from the insects on his body the human race!"

Orville Grant is visiting Mrs. Woodhull and Tennie in New York, and Mrs. Woodhull has made the following remarks to a reporter: "I said to the President last winter, when I was in Washington, 'Ulysses,' I said—I call him Ulysses, as we are very old friends; we grew up together—'Ulysses,' said I, 'you ought to have taken a strong position on the Fourteenth amendment in favor of female suffrage, the same as you have in favor of negro suffrage on the Fifteenth amendment. That would have made you strong.' 'I know I had,' he replied, 'but I was so situated that I couldn't. The politicians wouldn't let me do as I pleased.' 'Then,' said I, 'as you hadn't the moral courage to do what you knew to be right, you will have to surrender this place two years hence to me.'"

## RISIBLES.

—A Chicago boarder complained of the fare at the supper table. The doctor thinks his nose will be serviceable again by July.

—A Chinese photographer in San Francisco, being upbraided by a lady customer because the pictures don't suit her, briefly replied: "No half handsome; how can?"

—A girl in Portland was reading the parable of the wise and foolish virgins, when she suddenly paused. "Well, what did they forget?" asked the teacher, encouragingly. "They forgot their kerosene," responded Miss Five-year-old.

—A lady was lamenting the appearance of several gray hairs in her head. "Pull them out," suggested a gentleman who stood by, "and let them die." "Oh, no!" answered the distressed fair one, "for then a dozen would come to the funeral." "And if they did they would come in black," was the appropriate answer.

—"Whar is Europe to America?" said a stump orator. "Nowhar! Whar is England? Nowhar! They call England the mistress of the sea; but what makes the sea! The Mississippi! And all we've got to do is to turn the Mississippi into the Mammoth Cave, and the the English navy will be floundering in mud."

—All Waterbury, Conn., is laughing at the greenness of two policemen, who supposed that the antiquated Peter Jenkins that has tumbled into the ring at every circus performance for the last hundred years was a genuine drunken countryman. They made a noble attempt to arrest him for disturbing the show, but were finally made to see the joke.

—An attendant at Mount Vernon, not long since, found a lady weeping most bitterly and audibly, with her handkerchief at her eyes. He stepped up to her, and [illegible] "No, sir," she sobbed. "I saw you weeping." "Ah!" said she, "how can one help weeping at the grave of the Father of his Country?" "Oh, indeed, madam," said he, "that's it! The tomb's over yonder. This is the ice-house."

—"Doctor, are you acquainted with Captain G.?" "Yes, I know him well," replied the doctor; "but what of him?" "Nothing, in particular. I have just received a letter from him, and I'll wager a dozen of old port that you can't guess in five guesses how he spells cat." "Done," said the doctor, "it's a wager." "Well, commence guessing," said the officer. "K-a-double-t." "No." "K-a-t-e." "No; try again." "C-a-t-e." "No, you have missed it again." "Well, then," returned the doctor, "C-a-double-t." "No, that's not the way; try it again—it's your last guess." "C-a-g-h-t." "No," said the wag, "that's not the way; you have lost the wager." "Well, said the doctor with much petulance of manner, "how does he spell it?" "Why, he spells it c-a-t," replied the wag, with the utmost gravity, amid the roars of the mess, and almost chocking with rage, the doctor sprang to his feet, exclaiming, "Gentlemen, I am to old to be trifled with in this manner."

## FORGER AND BIGAMIST.

### Interviewing a Reverend Rascal in the Southern Indiana Prison.

### AN "INTELLECTUAL HEAD."

[New York Sun Indianapolis Letter.]

Passing through the Southern Prison the other evening, my attention was called to a convict who seemed to have a sort of supervision of the hospital. It was my second visit to this delectable institution, and I felt some interest in asking after the welfare of the innocents. Without exception, everyone who talked to me was an innocent man—the victim of circumstances. In this particular case my sympathies were enlisted for a convict by the name of Green, a Baptist preacher by profession, according to the record of the prison, incarcerated "for obtaining signature under false pretense." "He is," said the warden, Col. Shuler, to me, "one of the most intelligent men in the prison. He delivered a lecture to the prisoners the other evening which was really remarkable. He is a natural orator, and can handle a subject with ease and power."

My man Green was seated by the stove, and as I was introduced he arose and offered me his chair. I took another near by and sat down. In this time I observed that he was over fifty years of age, short set, with a very intellectual head. The forehead was broad and high, reaching higher at the temples, and hedged about by a two-inch crop of heavy iron-gray hair. The eyebrows were daintily arched over large, beaming, and expressive black eyes. A fair and comely nose formed the center of well-shaped cheeks, which ended the fair outward seeming of the man. A crueller, colder, more sensual, and

DECEPTIOUS AND TREACHEROUS MOUTH

never graced a rascal. The chin too was bad, and in keeping with the ribald throat.

He talked to me in a pleasant tone for some time, alluding finally to his "present difficulties."

Correspondent—How did they come about?

Convict—You see I had a charge in Greensburg.

Correspondent—What kind of a "charge"?

Convict—Charge of the Baptist church. You see I got into a little difficulty; I had a note in bank for $500, and when it came due I could not pay it, and one of my indorsers went back on me.

Correspondent—That was very cruel.

Convict—Yes, it was hard to bear. You see I was building a fence around my house and improving my sidewalk, and I could not raise the money.

Correspondent—Did not your church give you a sufficient support?

Convict—A very nice support indeed. I had a beautiful church; a lovely charge. My indorser went back on me, though.

Correspondent—Was he a member of your charge?

Convict—No; but he was a Baptist.

Correspondent—That was sad.

Convict—It was very, very sad.

Correspondent—How did it happen?

Convict—You see I wanted some money, and to get him to go on my note, I rather imposed upon him. I represented to him that I had some property, which you see I made out worth more than it was. I own up to that. When I failed to pay my note he inquired into it, and came to me and charged me with having deceived him. You see I did deceive him and owned up to him. He had me arrested. I did wrong; I own to that.

Correspondent—That owning up was very foolish of you. Why did you not say you never did it, and

DARE HIM TO PROVE IT?

I had proceeded thus far when he turned his head away impatiently. He had been watching me out of the corner of his eye all the time he was telling me the plausible story, the substance only of which is given above. Finding I did not believe him, he relapsed into a kind of imperturbable sullenness impossible to describe. "What became of your family all this time?" I asked at length.

"I haven't any family but a wife," he replied, "and she has been to see me several times since my imprisonment. She is a lovely woman. Her home is in Baltimore."

Those who knew her in Greensburg say that she is a most amiable woman, and her appearance is very prepossessing. Which one of the many wives of the wolf in sheep's clothing she claims to be, I am unable to say.

Since my return I have been shown a letter from a respectable citizen of a neighboring State, which thus briefly sketches the convict's career:

"I noticed in the New York papers of October, 1870, the arrest of the Rev. J. S. Green, alias M. W. Callison, at Middleville, Conn., by detectives of Boston, where he was taken on the requisition of the Governor of the State of Indiana upon charges of forgeries to the amount of $20,000.

"Now, I know this man Green very well. He has

THREE WIVES IN THIS STATE,

one in Baltimore, one in New York, and I believe two elsewhere. He has served in three different penitentiaries—in Moyamensing fifteen months, in Alexandria four months, and in Sing Sing six months. There are ten indictments against him in New York untried."

For the benefit of the public, it is well to add that this reverend rascal's term in the Southern prison is for two years, beginning November 29, 1870. He is set down as 55 years of age; but with his splendid health and fine constitution, he bids fair to stand the shock of three score and ten, and twice the number of indictments.

With more than ordinary talent and well-trained habits of speaking and writing, the tendency to crime seems a perversity of nature which he cannot correct. It may be the old Adam of original sin. There does not, at any rate, seem any way of reaching his conviction of sin. He is not repentant. He is only baffled. At this writing, if not engaged in some subtle analysis of science or ethics, he is no doubt revolving in his mind how, when he is free, he will raise the wind, vulgarly speaking, or woo and win another wife. It is to be presumed that he is about weary of the present faithful spouse. The history of the courtship of seven wives, more or less, might be profitable were it not so disgusting. It is another chapter in the old, old story begun in the Garden of Eden. "The serpent beguiled me, and I did eat."

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Col. W. W Gates, the veteran editor of the Jackson (Tenn.) Whig and Tribune, has been presented with a cane made out of the old Ramage press. This press was the first ever brought to Nashville, and the historical associations connected with it date back to the time when what is now the State of Tennessee was a territory. From Nashville the Ramage press was carried to Columbia, and from there to Paris, Tenn., about the year 1825. In 1828 it fell into the hands of the late Gen. Felix K. Zollicoffer and Hon. Amos R. Johnston, now of Mississippi. They ran it fourteen years, when, in 1830, it fell into the hands of Col. Gates. On it he printed the first Henry Clay paper in the State. In 1835 it was sold to a Mr. Peden, then conducting a cabinet-shop. Nearly all the wood about this press was solid mahogany. From this relic a cane was made, elegantly mounted, and presented to Col. Gates by seven of the oldest resident citizens of Paris, Tenn. Col. Gates is probably one of the oldest editors in our sister State.

## HEN'S RIGHTS.

### The History of the Great Reform Movement.

[From the Richmond Enquirer.]

At a farm-yard in Virginia there lived a family of domestic fowls, consisting of two cocks and about a dozen hens. The cocks were game and of the best breed, and were remarkable for their pluck and gallantry, as well as for their devotion and attention to their wives. When food was thrown to them they never partook of it before calling up the hens and seeing that they were served first, and, whenever they chanced to find a savory bug or to scratch up a delicate worm, they always denied themselves the luxury and invited the hens to enjoy it in preference, thus showing their chief gratification consisted in the comfort and happiness of their helpmates. And the hens were not slow to avail themselves of the self-denial and politeness of their husbands, but gobbled up grain, worms, and bugs, without even saying "Thank you," or "Won't you join us." They seemed to look upon these delicate attentions of their lords, and the appropriation of all the best things to themselves, as their natural and inherent right.

On the other hand, the hens were loving, gentle, and obedient, and attended to domestic duties notably; laying their eggs with regularity and dispatch, sitting on them carefully and patiently, and raising their chickens in the most affectionate and devoted manner. Both men and women, if their pride permitted, might draw instructive lessons from the social life of this family of domestic fowls. The men might copy after the cock in courage, self-denial, and those pleasing little attentions which are so much appreciated by their wives; and the women might imitate the hens in their regularity, patience, diligence, and industry; in their devotion to their children; and in their respect for, and submission to their husbands.

One day this family of fowls was visited by two strange hens that had just arrived from Massachusetts. The strangers were tall, raw-boned, long-legged, long necked, and big-footed, and had coarse, harsh voices. Without invitation or [illegible] they strided into the barn-yard, and circulated amongst the hens, and conversed with them in as free and easy a style as if they had known them all their lives. Indeed, one would have supposed that the barn-yard belonged to them. After a few remarks upon the late war and the scarcity of cocks, they requested the hens to separate themselves from the roosters, and to collect in a corner of the yard, as they had matter of vast importance to communicate to them. The curiosity of the hens being thus excited, they filed off furtively to the appointed corner, and formed a circle around their new acquaintances, and in solemn and respectful silence listened to one of them, who thus addressed them:

"Ladies: I have called you together to address you on a subject of paramount importance, not only to your own comfort and happiness, but to the future success and progress of your prosperity and of all civilized poultry. You are aware of the accepted idea that in the beginning of this world the male portion of creation were made first, and that the female was created as a sort of afterthought, or side issue, to relieve the male from the tedium of being alone, and to contribute to his comfort and pleasure. There is no doubt that, acting upon this idea, the male has constituted himself the Lord of creation, and has set himself up as being the superior of the female, and, taking a mean advantage of his greater size and strength, has imposed upon the female all the cares and drudgery of this life. Especially is this the case with the feathered tribe, and pre-eminently so with that portion of it that we represent. Upon the female portion of our tribe have been imposed all the inconvenience and labor of laying eggs, and the responsibility and trouble of raising chickens, while the male has nothing else to do but to strut about and admire himself, and give an occasional scream when he sees a hawk hovering in the air, but taking good care to get out of the way when the hawk pounces down upon our unprotected brood. He will fly upon the top of a fence and flap his wings and crow as if the world belonged to him, and look down with the utmost complacency upon us hens while we are toiling to support our families.

"Now this sort of thing has been going on for so long a time without the protest, and seemingly with the consent and approval of the hens, that it has come to be regarded as the natural state of affairs, and I suppose it would have gone on forever if Plymouth Rock had never been visited by our ancestors. You have all heard of the mad-stone, that wonderful mineral which, when applied to the parts bitten by a mad dog or snake, will instantly extract the venom, and save the life of the sufferer. Well, Plymouth Rock is the great moral mad-stone, which, when applied to the moral sores and bites which afflict this world, will produce an instant cure. My maternal ancestor, Biddy Hardshell, came over in the Mayflower, and was the first of the poultry tribe that ever set foot on Plymouth Rock, and the first hen that ever laid an egg in America. When Biddy Hardshell gave her first cackle upon that classic spot, there was uttered the warning note of the disenthrallment of the gentler sex.

"Since then the female at the North has been at work, and its activity is immense, far beyond anything that you luxurious daughters of the sunny South could ever imagine. Ideas distilled through the alembic of our minds are crystallized into gems of thought that are destined to dazzle the world. You will therefore not be surprised when I tell you that we have discovered that the laws and customs by which our social, domestic, and political life have heretofore been governed, are unnatural, unjust, and degrading to the female sex.

"To a hen of an inquiring mind the question naturally arises, Why are these things as they are? For example, why is it that hens lay eggs, and roosters do not? Why is it that a hen is subjected to the inconvenience of incubation, sitting like a fool, staring at vacancy for three mortal weeks, in a very confined and cramped position, in order that a dozen or more hungry chickens may be brought into the world, while her self-styled lord, who has been the cause of all the mischief, struts about and amuses himself paying gallant attentions to other deluded females? Again, why is it that roosters crow and hens only cackle? The first question is rather hard to answer, and I am afraid that in your present uneducated state it would be difficult of satisfactory explanation, but the second question has been very clearly answered by Professor Greeley in a small essay entitled 'What I know about Crowing,' in which it is stated that when the first rooster crowed the hen immediately clapped her wings and crowed also; whereupon the rooster, indignant at being imitated, and no doubt fearful of being excelled, immediately pounced upon her, and gave her such a wring of the neck as to cause a stricture of the larynx, from which she never recovered; so that ever afterwards whenever she attempted to crow the sound degenerated into a contemptable cackle, and that all her descendents were afflicted in the same way, and consequently could never crow. The learned professor has moreover shown that the stricture was accidental and not natural; but by proper culture it would be entirely removed, and hens would regain their lost powers of voice, and soon learn to crow as well as the roosters, of which I will give you abundant evidence by and by.

"There are now at the North two schools of Philosophy. One is called the Positive School, which looks to the culture and training of the males, so as to enable and induce them to perform all the functions and duties of the females. As far as the sitting, hatching, feeding, and nursing of the chickens are concerned, this school is a decided success, and the day is not far distant when these labors will be performed almost entirely by the roosters, and then we poor, down-trodden females will have some time to look around and enjoy ourselves. But the grand object of this school is to make the roosters lay eggs, and here, I regret to say, that our success has not been quite so decided. Our plan is to surround the pupil, and henpeck him to such a degree as to deprive him of all of his tail-feathers, and the larger portion of his comb, and then to feed him liberally upon parched corn and pulverized oyster-shells, and drive him briskly up the hill. The result, as I have informed you, has not been entirely satisfactory; but Mrs. Dr. Cackle, of Boston, the eminent hen-chemist, after a profound study of the subject, has suggested the addition to the diet of a proper proportion of sulphur and glycerine, and predicts that our success will then be assured. This school looks also to the cultivation of the female voice up to the strength and coarseness of the males. Crowing schools have been established all over New England, and now it is a common thing there for hens to crow as fiercely and as lustily as roosters.

"The other school is called the Negative School, or the Society for the Suppression of Eggs, and here, also, we have met with marked success; so much so, that the production of eggs by the native New England hens has been reduced from what it was formerly, in the raito of eight to three; that is to say, that where an uncultivated hen in old times used to lay eight eggs, a well-educated hen of the present day only lays three, and she dosen't lay them unless she chooses. Ladies, that is what I call the march of intellect. It is Plymouth Rock sucking the poison from the great social snake-bite. If we go on improving at that rate, we shall soon stop laying altogether, and then the roosters will have to take up, or depend upon the Brahma Pootras, Cochin China, Shanghais, and other foreign breeds to keep up the stock.

"And now, ladies, allow me to give you your first lesson in crowing. Stand up straight and turn your toes out, heads up, and necks out to their full extent; now all clap your wings and crow as I do." And there arose such an unearthly and unholy screech and yell, that the rooster, who was behind the barn and wondering what had become of his hens, rushed frantically to the spot, and there he beheld the long-legged intruders clapping their wings and crowing at the top of their bents. He made one spring at the orator of the day, caught her by the comb and dug his spurs into her sides, pitched her over and touseled her to such a degree that she hardly had enough feathers left to cover her nakedness. As soon as she could recover her breath and her tongue she cried out, "Hold! Hold! Mr. Rooster, arn't you ashamed of yourself to beat a lady in that way? I thought you Southern cocks were famous for your gallantry and attentions to the fair sex, and here you are beating a lady almost to death." "Lady, indeed!" cried the rooster, "didn't I hear you *crowing*? How was I to know that you were a lady? I am sure you don't look like one, you look to me like a capon; now get you gone, and if I ever catch any more of you long-legged Boston she-males coming down here and preaching hens' rights and setting up crowing schools, I'll beat you within an inch of your lives; clear out!"

The long-legged descendant of the illustrious Biddy Hardshell, of Plymouth Rock, and her companion, then scampered off, screaming at the top of their voices "Kuklux! Kuklux!! Kuklux, Klux, Klux, Klux!!!"

## ESTLIN'S ROMEO.

### How a Philadelphia Audience Received an Amateur "Tragic Genius"

[From the Philadelphia Telegraph.]

The handbills and advertisements had promised the audience the "overture and other choice selections from the opera of *Romeo and Juliet*," by "a select orchestra." The orchestra, however, was *non inventus*. and Shakespeare's "sublime trag- [illegible] by the strains of Gounod or Bellini. When the "tragic genius" made his entree, he was greeted with a hearty round of applause, which, before the close of the first act became so continuous that "the genius" was slightly incommoded. He persevered, nevertheless, and, at the close of the act, was called before the curtain by an audience whose enthusiasm made full amends for its meagreness, and who had by that time come to see that they were enjoying about the rarest tragic treat that had ever been given in the Academy. During the progress of the second act, the audience was even more uproarous than during the first, the earnest plaudits being mingled with loud cries of "hi! hi!" "go it old boy!" and the like. At the close of the act, "the tragic genius" was again called before the curtain, and embraced the opportunity to apologize for the non-appearance of the promised band. But his first syllables were drowned by stentorian cries of "louder!" and as fast as "the genius" lifted up his voice, the audience did likewise, until the climax was capped by a cry of "louder, old puddin' head!"

"Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead!" exclaims "Mercutio" in one of the earlier scenes, and, in sooth, such was fairly his condition by the time he should have made his entrance in the first scene of act third, to encounter the taunts of "Tybalt." There was a delay of full five minutes before "Romeo" appeared, after "Tybalt" had exclaimed:—

"Here comes my man."

"Where the d—l is your man?" roared a small boy in the third tier.

"Romeo, where art thou?" drawled out a venerable octogenarian opposite, who had a copy of the play in his hand, and was asstduously following "the tragic genius" through his part.

"Here he comes" finally exclaimed one of the anxious waiters, as "the genius" rushed upon the stage from the wrong direction, a perfect picture of despair.

The audience became ecstatic at this point, and roared like mad. The interest deepened as the play progressed, and when the scene in "Juliet's" chamber came on, another climax was reached. Just as "the genius" was pouring out his heart to his mock love, an enthusiastic youth in the family circle hurled a handful of coppers at the enamored "Romeo." This slightly disconcerted him, as did likewise a bundle of dry leaves which quickly followed it. But the indignity was not consummated until, as "the genius" was about stretching his two hands towards heaven, he was greeted by an enormous cabbage, which fell at his feet and smote him on the toes. Then the thing became monotonous, and "Romeo" turned upon his persecutors. Wheeling up to the footlights, he exclaimed pathetically:—

"Ladies and gentlemen, I'm a sick man!"

"So you are!" came from one of his auditors.

"I'm not fit to be here," he continued.

"That's so!" was the ready response.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I have been studying this part so hard that I haven't had time to eat," put in "the tragic genius" again.

"Go take a drink!" shouted a man in the family circle.

And so the fun progressed, until another rare point was reached at the tragic death-scene in the last act. "Ah! ha!" Oh! Oh!" Easy! easy!" came from all parts of the house, as the unfortunate lovers were letting themselves down, and when they were stiff and stark on the floor, the enthusiastic youth in the family circle, who had thrown the handful of coppers, cried out lustily:—

"Set 'em up again!"

But they were not to be set up again. They had done their duty nobly, and were in at the death, and that is all that was required.

Perhaps the best solution of the unique entertainment that could be given was that made by a sympathetic auditor, who, during one of the waits, mounted the stage and commenced:—

"Ladies and gentlemen, I once knew a man in a lunatic asylum—"

"Estlin! Estlin! Estlin's the man!" cried a dozen voices in chorus.

"When," continued the sympathetic auditor, "When I asked him what brought him here, he said, 'I had a hobby which I would ride, and as it couldn't throw me, I rode it until I fetched up here.'"

"Estlin's the man!" again shouted the audience, and the rest of his speech was lost in the uproar.

## THE POTATO-BUG.

### Something Official Regarding Its Ravages and a Remedy.

[To the Editor of the Courier-Journal.]

Riverside, June 12, 1871.

A few days since I forwarded to the Agricultural Department specimens of the potato-bugs which have made their appearance in this vicinity for the first time; and besides the information conveyed in the reply to my letter (which I send you for publication), I have been informed that the seed planted here from the north of the Ohio river, is only infested with the bugs of this variety. How true this may be I cannot vouch for, but know that only on that seed in my grounds have they appeared. If our farmers will notice this it may be the means in some measure of preventing the ravages of this pest.

Respectfully, &c.,
ORMSBY HITE.

DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE,
WASHINGTON, D. C., June 9, 1871.

Ormsby Hite, Esq., Riverside, near Louisville, Ky.

Dear Sir: The insect you send is known by the common name of "Colorado potato-bug," or "ten-lined spearman," of Walsh. Doryphora 10 lineata. The remedy recommended by the American Entomologist is five parts of flour, mixed with one part of Paris green (arsenite of copper), dusted over the plant and insects. This remedy, however, should be carefully applied, as Paris green is a virulent poison, and if used in too large quantities, will injure the plants. Perhaps powdered hellebore might answer; and should you try it, please report success. I am,

Respectfully, HORACE CAPRON,
Commissioner.

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In October, 1864, the citizens of New York and Brooklyn, and, it may be said, of the whole country, were startled and horrified at discovering five bundles, at intervals and apart in these waters, containing the mutilated body of some unfortunate man. It was supposed at the time that the body was that of a soldier named Joseph Smith, of Danbury, Conn., who had deserted from his regiment. He visited New York and soon after disappeared and was never heard of more. He was seen frequently before he disappeared in company with dissolute men, and was himself given to drink. After seven years comes the news from Sydney, Australia, which removes the veil and gives the secret at last. Some time ago a free fight occurred in these parts between several men, in the course of which one of the party was fatally wounded. The guilty ones were arrested and while in jail one of them implicated himself and fellows in the murder of Joseph Smith. He stated they had been drinking and gambling, and being out of money determined to rob Smith of three hundred dollars which he had obtained by jumping the bounty. They took him into a coach factory on Prince street, where they first killed him and then cut him up. They then took a coach and committed his remains to the river. The man who killed Smith is dead, but his companions will probably suffer the full extent of the law in Australia.

☞ Samuel Dunn, of Livonia, Michigan, was, eighteen years ago, a hard drinker and tobacco-chewer, but formed a resolution at that time to drop both habits, and he has kept it ever since. He has, however, lain in bed all that time, never leaving his room nor having his clothes on, though he has not been sick a day, nor taken any medicine. He is now eighty years old, with flesh as pulpy as an infant's, and just as good an appetite as he ever had.

The remains of Bishop-General Polk are to be removed from the church-yard of St. Pauls, in Augusta, Georgia, where they now lay unmarked, to Louisiana, where a monument will be erected over them.

## THE INSTINCT OF TRAVEL.

### How Pigeons, Cats, Hounds and Foxes Find Their Way Home Through Strange Countries.

A writer in the "Baltimore Sun" says that the French "pigeon-post" has recalled attention to a subject that has long had a deep interest for naturalists—the power of instinct animals exhibit of finding their way back to a spot from whence they may have been taken, by a road never before traversed by them.

Pigeons carrying messages or returning long distances to their "cotes" most certainly find their way back by means of sight. This is evidenced by the fact of the long training required, and their inability and disinclination to fly during a fog. But this means of finding out a distant locality cannot apply in the cases we are about to record.

At Vancouver's island a gentleman had a house on one side of Esquimalt harbor, wherein he and his family resided. They had a favorite cat, which was always made a great pet. It so happened that the owner of the house had occasion to change his residence to the other side of the harbor. The distance in a straight line was quite a mile, while to reach the house by making a circuit of the harbor, a distance of quite four miles must be traveled, and that through a dense forest of pines, thickly undergrown with brushwood. When the family removed from one house to the other, pussy was fastened securely in a basket, and taken in a boat across the harbor, and was not let out of her prison until she was secured in a room in her new residence.

It is quite clear in this case that the cat could not have seen anything of the route followed by water from house to house. Strange as it may seem, she made her escape during the night, and when, on the day following her removal, some of the family returned for articles left behind, there was pussy, somewhat dirty and tired, but in perfect safety. Now she could only have reached the residence in two ways—either by swimming the harbor, which is by no means probable, or she found her way through the forest, where she had never been before, and through thick underbrush without any trail or path to [illegible] more wonderful is the fact that the cat must have passed close to an Indian village, around which a number of half-wild dogs were always prowling.

There is another story of somewhat similar character told of a cat, which is, I believe, well authenticated. "When living," says the writer, "at Four-Paths, Clarendon, Jamaica, I wanted a cat, and had one given to me which was nearly full grown; it was brought from Morgan's Valley estate, where it was bred, and had never been removed from that place before. The distance was five miles. It was put into a canvas bag and carried by a man on horseback. Between the two places there were two rivers, one of them 80 feet broad and two feet and a half deep, running strong; the other is wider, and more rapid, but less deep. Over these rivers are no bridges. The cat was shut up at Four-Paths for some days, and when considered to be reconciled to her dwelling, she was allowed to go about the house. The day after obtaining her liberty she was missing, and, upon my next visiting the estate she was brought from, I was quite amazed to learn that the cat had come back again. Did she swim over the rivers at the fords, where the horse came through with her, or did she ascend the banks for a considerable distance in search of a more shallow place, and where the stream was less rapid? At all events, she must have crossed the rivers, in opposition to her natural habits."

I myself once had a favorite spaniel, called Sport. He was lent to a friend, who came to fetch him. Sport was placed in a dog-cart and driven to my friend's residence, a distance of 20 miles. The cart was so made that air could freely get in for the dog to breathe, but by no possibility could any part of the road be seen during the journey. On his arrival Sport was tied up with a rope under the manger in the stable. During the night the dog gnawed his rope, made his escape through a broken window, and was discovered early in the morning succeeding his departure, sitting weary, hungry, and bedraggled outside the door of his own residence. Now, the question which naturally presents itself is, how did the dog find his way back along a road not one foot of which he had ever seen before? The remembrance of particular objects noted by the way could not have guided the dog, simply because he had no opportunity afforded him of seeing them.

I once, while living in the far west, rode a horse from my camp across a prairie to an encampment of squatters, a distance of more than 20 miles. A river of some width was crossed on the route, the horse being ferried over in a large boat. The animal had never traveled the road previously, nor had it ever run on the prairie, and yet during the night it contrived to break its tether line, and in the dark to find its way back to camp; and, what is more strange, the horse actually swam the stream it had, during the day, been ferried over in a boat. By what means, it may be asked, did the horse contrive to find his way over a grassy waste, never trodden by it previously, to a given point so far distant? There was no path or trail, and in the dark the horse could not, except by smelling, have retraced its own footprints.

Many similar anecdotes are on record, to which the following authenticated cases may be added: A horse was turned out in some marshes adjoining the Thames. The distance, in a straight line from his owner's house, was only a few miles, but he had to be sent a long way around to cross the bridge. In less than twenty-four hours he made his appearance at the stable-door, dripping wet, having swam the river and taken a straight line for home.

During the life of the celebrated sportsman, the late Sir Richard Sutton, a draft of young hounds was sent up to London by wagon, from the kennel near Lincoln, and there put on board a vessel to go abroad. While the ship was dropping down the Thames, one of them jumped overboard and swam ashore. Some weeks after it made its appearance at the kennel, half-starved, and covered with bites bestowed upon it by its more fortunate fellows. I regret to have to add that it was killed immediately, so many valuable hounds having recently been destroyed in that pack by madness, that the huntsmen were afraid to take it in.

Some years since, a dog-fox was run to ground on Hathfield Heath, near Ashford, Kent. When dug out he was found to have remarkable white spots upon him, and the earl of Thanet had him sent to his seat in Westmoreland,—Appleby Castle,—a distance of 300 miles, and turned down. A fortnight afterward the same fox was killed near Hathfield Heath, his native place.

"Not long ago," says one writer, "I saw a cow bought at a farm auction. About 6 o'clock in the evening she was sent off home with the purchaser, and was placed in a yard, a distance of 15 miles from her former home. At 6 o'clock the next morning she was found back in her old shed, quietly chewing the cud, and waiting to be milked as usual.

"I once purchased a brood of ducklings, about a month old, without the hen that hatched them. I took them home and placed them, as I thought, safely in a pig-pound. In the morning I found them all gone, and I discovered them snugly huddled together at their old quarters, at the other end of the village, in the nest in which they were hatched. A laborer told me he had met them in the street, homeward bound, at 4 o'clock, A. M, as he was going to work. They had not been off the premises where they were bred before.

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☞ A California paper gives an account of a wonderful cave near Calaveras, wherein, as it alleges, columns and pilasters, ornamented at their capitals with volutes and modillions, at irregular intervals, inlist the visitor's attention; while fine representations of tapestry, cornice and fresco-work are engraved and plainly visible on its walls. Every form of stalactites imaginable droopingly hang suspended, presenting all the variegated colors of the rainbow, and brilliantly sparkle from the pale light of a candle like a thousand diamonds; while a like proportion of stalagmite underneath, with their sugar-coated surfaces, are constantly presented to view. Here and there, it is added, are carelessly piled bruised and broken fragments of those appropriate emblems of Infinite Wisdom that have succumbed to the normal destructive qualities of man.

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☞ The Boston Traveler is disposed to dispute the assertion that there is much more crime in the city than in the country, and that more of the country-bred children turn out well in life than of those reared in the city. It asserts that there are in the rural districts more of cold-blooded murders, more of daring robberies than in the cities, and the perpetrators are almost always country-born, regard being had, of course, to the difference in population. It also asserts that there is a larger proportion of young men growing up with the purpose of getting a living without work, having no regular occupation, than there are in the city, and a larger proportion of girls in training for immoral lives.

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Washington, June 13.—The receipts from the collection of the income tax under the new rate are nearly two thirds less than under the 5 per cent. rate of last year. The cost of collection will very nearly equal the amount collected, while the total amount of receipts from all sources for the expiring fiscal year are so much in excess of the estimated receipts that it is demonstrated quite conclusively that Congress could have wholly abolished the income tax without the slightest detriment to revenue. In fact the reduction in taxation estimated for the act of last July, both on the tariff and excise, was altogether too high, for the actual reduction is likely to prove to be from ten to fifteen millions less.

## BLOOD AND FIRE.

### The Last Days of Paris Under the Commune—Indiscriminate Slaughter—Thrilling Scenes.

### THE WORK OF FIENDS.

### Paris in Flames—The Burning of the Tuileries.

[Paris (May 24) Correspondence of the London Times.]

At dark I climbed upon the top of the Hotel Chatham, and a sight, such, I trust, as I never may see again, met my view—the southwest of Paris was a sheet of flame, and I began to fear that the menaces which we had scoffed at as idle threats were about to become a terrible reality. From Auteuil to Montrouge the heavens were lit up by a series of conflagrations which died away in sulphurous smoke only to burst forth again with a loud report, and spread still further westward. We were at a loss to conceive what could be on fire. Passy seemed smoldering slowly, the real blaze being more in the direction of Luxembourg. It shot up in showers of sparks, revealing a dark mass of dome that loomed black against the sky. This we took to be the Pantheon, and rejoiced in the fact that the river lay between us and the advancing tide of flame. The smoke spread slowly, but surely, and some some one announced that the Pantheon had caught fire. We saw light shining through the roof, and presently an immense jet of flame shot straight up into the sky, revealing a form which was at once recognized as the central pavilion of the Tuileries. A cry of horror burst from the lips of the people who had assembled on the roof at the discovery of the terrible truth, and we gazed fascinated as the flames licked rapidly the mass of buildings, shooting up from time to time in long forked tongues, accompanied by heavy white clouds of naptha-smelling smoke. Although at so great a distance from the scene of operations, we could hear the roar and the clatter of shivering slates and rafters, while we were so well lit up in our position on the roof that bullets began to whistle in our direction, probably from the Linesmen on the Opera House, who took us for members of the Commune celebrating our hideous victory. Shells whizzed past us, rattling down in neighboring streets, and we began to feel our situation precarious. By this time the great Pavilion was a mere skeleton of golden light cut by carved ribs of black, and crowned by a square gallery. It [illegible] scarce daring to believe my eyes, when suddenly there was a vivid light; the Pavilion had sunk in with a crash, and a stream of sparks flew straight into the heavens, literally mixing with the stars. Steadily the fire advanced with a certainty that indicated the presence of petroleum in large quantities, and we were forced to admit at last that the great collection of the Louvre was to be sacrificed. Fortunately the pictures of the Italian school are hidden away; but who shall replace the antique statues—the Venus of Milo and the Polyhymnia—that are destined to be destroyed by the diabolical spite of the madmen who have been a terror to us for so long? The sight and the reflections which it engendered were so awful as to blind us to the presence of other conflagrations that were springing up along the line. A huge red bar like a giant furnace indicated that a large portion of the Quartier St. Germain was being destroyed, while a light in the Palais Royal and another in the Luxemburg suggested the idea that all Paris was indeed to be destroyed, and that at any moment our own Quarter might be sent into the air through the agency of powder or petroleum in the sewers which run under the principal thoroughfares. Sick at heart I lay down, to be awakened shortly after by violent detonations.

### Raising the Barricades.

[Paris Correspondence of the London Times.]

The rapidity with which the barricades sprang up on Monday (22d ult.) was perfectly amazing. One passed down a street one hour without difficulty, but, on coming back the next, found a barricade some three or four feet high already rising across it, and not to be approached, as every civilian who came near was expected to lend a hand in making it. This was, indeed, the problem of the morning—how to get about without being seized and impressed into barricade-building. A regular trap was laid for unwary passers-by, and it was amusing to watch, from a safe distance, the process by which they were caught. A sentry, placed so far from the barricade as not to excite suspicion, did not take any notice of them as they advanced toward it, but when, on getting up to it and seeing their danger they tried to turn, he politely informed them that there was no objection to their staying where they were, but as to going back, that was out of the question. Meantime, his companions came up and carried off their victims in triumph to the barricade, occasionally cutting short all resistance or argument by pointing bayonets and even revolvers at them.

### Paris Amazons and Children Among the Prisoners.

[Paris Correspondence London News.]

Among the prisoners marched into Versailles were a company of the Amazons of the Seine and a battalion of patriotic children. The former were dressed as vivandieres. Some, who had shown themselves restive, were handcuffed. One had a child strung on her back. The arm of another was in a sling. [illegible] covered with fresh blood. Another Amazon was wounded. They all showed symptoms of fatigue, but still wore a defiant air, and did not seem to belong to the class with which the Magdalen asylums are peopled. All were not young; indeed, matrons were more numerous than maidens in this band of female warriors. They were forced to walk at a quick pace under the broiling sun, by a troop of mounted gens-d'armes. Their advent in the streets of Versailles was the cause of much mirth among the people. One stout old woman, who responded to the smiles of the bystanders by disreputable pantomime, was hailed as Mere Duchesne. In one detachment of 200 National Guards, 10 of them were children not 12 years old. The young patriots seemed to feel that the eyes of Europe were upon them, and posed accordingly. They wore the uniform of the National Guards.

### Prisoners Murdered—Ferocity of the Paris Women.

[Paris Correspondence (May 24) of the London Times.]

A gentleman whose word is beyond dispute told me that he witnessed from an upper window the storming of the barricade on the Boulevard Malesherbes, and that he saw with his own eyes the rebels lifting the butts of their muskets in token of surrender, which caused the linesmen to advance across the barricade. No sooner did they approach within a few paces than the muskets were suddenly reversed, and a plunging fire laid some 50 of them writhing in a heap. This morning, while walking on the Rue des Petits Champs, I saw a soldier fall, struck by a bullet from an unseen hand. An officer who was passing told me that many men had lost their lives in this manner, and that the delinquents were instantly shot. He also told me that at the Batignolles barricade yesterday, a woman went up to the officer in command to ask a question, and that before he had completed his answer she had drawn a revolver and shot him through the head. The soldiers were so infuriated that they forgot her sex and riddled her with bayonet thrusts.

Among the 20 persons who were executed this morning at the corner of the Rue Royale two were women. I saw myself four men taken possession of at 8 o'clock this morning close to the Magazins du Louvre. They were kicked and cuffed until they reached the Palais Royal gate, and there against the burning house they had their hands tied and were forced to kneel. A woman rushed from the crowd with a scream, and, clinging to one of them, announced herself his sister. She was ruthlessly torn away and carried back to the throng, while a dozen soldiers advanced and calmly shot them down; a piece of torn carpet was thrown over their remains and every man went about his business as though nothing unusual had occurred. Escorts with prisoners are continually passing about the streets followed by a jeering mob, which counts more women than men among its ranks—women who hoot and clap their hands, and insult their victims to their hearts' content. Verily, it was with truth that Voltaire declared that a "Parisian woman was half tiger and half monkey!"

### A Summary Execution.

[Versailles (May 25) Correspondence of the London News.]

I noticed that there were many old men among the prisoners. Friends accounted for this by explaining that the greybeards of the Paris ateliers took up arms to stimulate the young men. When the juniors showed a tendency to take to their heels, they rushed to the post of danger. They belong to the old-fashioned class of Paris emeutiers, who, at the bidding of the bourgeoisie, descended into the streets, chased Charles X., and, provoked by the same bourgeoisie, threw up barricades, from which they were dislodged by Gen. Cavaignac. The whole way to Sevres the road was crowded with trains of wagons, ambulance vans, policemen and cavalry escorting prisoners. To show the bitterness of feeling among military men at Versailles, I may mention that when one of four field officers in conversation expressed a wish to see the prisoners handed over for the benefit of science to the professors of vivisection, the other three applauded the idea. While talking a young officer entered the cafe to refresh himself with a glass of beer. He was in command of a convoy of prisoners going to Satory, and said he had ridded the country of some of the scoundrels. One from fatigue, one from weakness, and two who were sulky had sat on a bank. He ordered them to get up directly if they did not want to be shot. "Shoot us," replied one of the prisoners. "I will take you at your word, my good fellow," the captain answered, "and I shall consider those who do not get up directly to be of the same mind as you." No one moved. The firing party was quickly told off, and the four men were corpses in another instant. The captain was highly commended by his brother officers for his firmness, and when he had gone all fell praising him.

### Indiscriminate Slaughter.

[Paris Correspondence of the London Times.]

A harmless citizen was calmly struck with a bayonet in the Rue de la Paix for daring to insinuate a difference of opinion, and I myself heard a quietly-dressed maid servant threatened with a similar fate for attempting to reach a distant chemist's shop in search of medicine for her sick master. At the corner of the Rue Lafitte I saw a woman shot for some imaginary offense, and recognized the effects of the terror according to the golden model of '93. Anxious to discover the state of affairs about the Hotel de Ville I penetrated through the Rue St. Anne and Marche de St. Honore, the latter of which was strewed with plaster, brick, and glass, shattered down by the shells that clattered about our ears at every turn. A few steps further and I was in the Rue de Rivoli, with an ambulance friend and two young infirmieres, bent all of them on establishing a temporary hospital in the neighborhood of the great barricade, which has been a bugbear to us so long, at the corner of the Rue St. Florentin. We had not advanced many yards when we perceived that shell and bullet were falling fast around us, coming, as it seemed, from some point above the Palais de l'Industrie. We crawled along the wall under the arcade, watching the dust fly up as a bursting shell fell upon the stones, when suddenly, without previous warning, there was a tremendous report close to our heads, followed by a rattling down of masonry and a shower of glass. The shock was so great that I closed my eyes for an instant, and on opening them perceived my friend stretched upon the ground, bathed in blood, and half smothered in the debris of clocks and watches, which had been showered from a shattered window-front. A shell had burst against a corner of the arcade, the greater portion of it plunging into the watchmaker's shop, one unlucky fragment striking my friend in the side and throwing him on the ground, from which he was never again to rise alive.

### Incidents of the Second Day's Fighting.

[Paris (May 23) Correspondence of the London Times.]

The Versaillais are closing surely round us. The Boulevards are untenable; heavy guns have opened fire from the Place de l'Opera toward the Madeleine, which shake our windows. Bullets are thick in the Rue de la Paix. All shutters are ordered to be opened as well as doors, to guard against treason from within. The terrace of the Tuileries gardens fires upon the Palais de l'Industrie; the tocsin has been violently rung all the morning. The barricade of the Rue Royale is firing upon the Invalides. It becomes momentarily more difficult to get about. A stranger is threatened with being forced to bear a musket. Shells have fallen in front of the Varietes Theater. Shots were fired from a house in the Rue Rochechouart upon some National Guards, who entered the house and summarily executed some persons who had arms in their possession. *Formidable* barricades have been erected at distances along the Rue Lafayette.

Women are descending from the Montmartre heights, armed with muskets to defend them. The dying Commune continues to issue incendiary proclamations. The barricade of the Rue St. Florentin has been mounted with heavy siege guns. The fire still continues to burn in the Ministere des Finances; some two hundred firemen have gone to the spot. Archives strew the Rue de Rivoli, blown hither and thither by the shock of artillery. The desperate portion of the National Guards increases in insolence. I saw at the corner near the Cafe Voisin a superior officer offer to escort a shopman some little distance in search of provisions. The party consisted of several guards and a vivandiere. The latter took imaginary offense, and charged the shopman with insulting her, upon which he was ordered to be shot. He trembled vio- [illegible] turned round and gave him her protection. The guard who had ordered the arrest stood on his dignity and insisted on his instant execution. Tidings now arrived that the barricade at the end of the street was attacked. This drew off the attention of the guard, and the delinquent escaped.

### Desperate Communist Alone in a Barricade—Shooting from Windows.

[Paris Correspondence New York Herald.]

Whether he was the only one who would die, or whether it was deemed that only one was necessary to keep up the required show of resistance, I cannot say; but this one did his desperate duty well. Once on the barricade he crouched close to the earth, even lying in the gutter and leaning back on the paving-stone to be more completely covered; hundreds of men in all the windows of the street were waiting with their rifles ready for the least movement he might make. It was all silent, and he crept to a place where he could pass the barrel of his gun between the sand bags on the top of the barricade; the moment the piece came in sight out the sand bags all around it were torn by hundreds of bullets. He withdrew his gun, stopped, and waited his chance again. And he kept on till, in spite of the attention with which he was watched, he had fired away all his ammunition—with what effect I know not—and the last I saw of him, as the night came on, he was fumbling with his hands among the fragments of paper in the street searching for cartridges that might have been dropped by careless shooters earlier in the day, and his movements were slow and peculiar, not with the deliberate slowness of steady nerves and cool blood, but as if with the debility of a man bleeding from deadly wounds. In the morning, when I saw the regular troops in possession of that barricade, he was there still, his head as cold and calm and indifferent to all around him as the carbstone on which it rested. People were half wild with fear and excitement. Pale, frightened faces showed a moment at the windows and disappeared suddenly at the sound of a musket shot, the sense of danger and curiosity dividing their empire in the minds of all. Shots were fired from windows, apparently in wantonness, but there may have been private revenges. Two spectators were hit on the corner of the Boulevard Haussmann and the Rue Chussee d'Antin by shots from an opposite window. Blood-stains were on the sidewalks in many places. National Guards crept almost on their faces to the corners in the side streets, waited for a good shot, fired and sprang back. True Indian warfare in the heart of Paris!

### Tearing Down the Red Flag—A Daring Feat.

[Paris (May 24) Correspondence of the London Times.]

A terrible fusilade was meanwhile raging in the streets adjoining the Opera House, and we watched with intense anxiety the movements of the red-legged people on the roof of the balustrade, half enveloped in a huge tricolor, which he succeeded in planting on the angle of the building. A sort of subdued clapping of hands might have been heard from sundry neighboring windows; but the whole work was not yet complete—the red flag had to be got down from the lyre of Apollo on the front, a by no means easy task considering that the figure is upward of 30 feet high, and within direct range of the Federal troops below. Several men endeavored to shoot it down with chassepot bullets, but this attempt, although reiterated, proving a failure, one young fellow, more daring than the rest, actually climbed from limb to limb of the gigantic bronze, and tore it down with his two hands, while bullets whistled around him, striking every now and then the frieze or coping of the pedestal. He accomplished his task in safety and disappeared with his trophy.

### Chasing the Communists—A Dastardly Murder.

[Paris (May 23) Correspondence of the London News.]

The Versailles troops, collected about the foot of the Rue St. Honore, were enjoying the fine game of Communist hunting. The Parisians of civil life are caitiffs to the last drop of their thin, sour, white blood. But yesterday they had cried, "Vive la Commune!" and submitted to be governed by this said Commune. To-day they rubbed their hands with livid currish joy to have it in their power to denounce a Communist and reveal his biding-place. Very eager at this work are the dear creatures of women. They know the rat-holes into which the poor devils have got, and they guide to them with a fiendish glee which is a phase of the many-sided sex. Voila! the braves of France returned to a triumph, after a shameful captivity! They have found him, the miserable! Yes; they drag him out from one of the purlieus which Haussman had not time to sweep away, and a guard of six of them hem him round as they march him into the Rue St. Honore. A tall, pale, hatless man, with something not ignoble in his carriage. His lower lip is trembling, but his brow is firm, and the eye of him has some pride and defiance in it. They yell—the crowd—"Shoot him; shoot him!"—the demon-women most clamorous, of course. An arm goes into the air; there are on it the stripes of a non commissioned officer; and there is a stick in the fist. The stick falls on the head of the pale man in black. Ha! the infection has caught; men club their rifles, and bring them down on that head, or clash them into splinters in their lust for murder. He is down; he is up again; he is down again; the thuds of the gun-stocks on him sounding just as the sound when a man beats a cushion with a stick.

A certain British impulse, stronger than consideration for self, prompts me to run forward. But it is useless. They are firing into the placid carcass now, thronging about it like blowflies on a piece of meat. His brains spurt on my boot and plash into the gutter, whither the carrion is bodily chucked, presently to be trodden on and rolled by the feet of multitudes and wheels of gun-carriages. Womanhood, then, is not quite dead in that band of Bedlamites who had clamored "Shoot him!" Here is one in hysterics; another, with wan, scared face, draws out of the press an embryo Bedlamite, her off spring, and, let us hope, goes home. But surely all manhood is dead in the soldiery of France to do a deed like this. An officer—one with a bull throat and the eyes of Algiers stood by and looked on at the sport, sucking a cigar meanwhile.

### Sad Scenes at Versailles—The Captured Female Insurgents.

[Versailles (May 28) Correspondence of the London Times.]

It is a barrowing sight to behold these convoys of prisoners which arrive here every day in increasing numbers. We had of late been accustomed to see among the prisoners brought in here men with traveling-bags, evidently refugees from the accursed city, fleeing from the rigors of the Commune. Many were very well dressed, some gloved, and even wearing decorations. They were brought in with other prisoners, but after a preliminary examination they were kept separate, and, if their identity was sufficiently established, they were set at liberty. We had yesterday about 100 women brought in who had been captured at barricades or fighting with the Communist battalions. I saw about forty of these passing along the Avenue de Paris who were being conveyed to the House of Correction; some were packed together in an artillery wagon, others were on foot, walking between two lines of gendarmes. It was a very sad sight. Some of them were old women, but most of them were under 30, and two or three could not have been 18 years old. Some seven or eight were dressed as cantinieres, and wore upon their heads either a little hat with feathers or a dust-colored kepi. Those who had retained the attire of their sex, had no other head-covering than their own hair. Their arrival at Versailles excited great curiosity. An immense crowd collected to look at these Communeuses, some of whom were said to have assisted in discharging mitrailleuses. They were received with insulting laughter, and jests in sorry state, occasionally even with ribald insults. The female spectators, especially, were very furious against these unhappy creatures, and I saw one who, in spite of the escort, knocked off with her parasol the military cap which a cantiniere was wearing. The latter looked toward her assailant and wept. On all hands the cry was raised, "Off with the caps!" One tall young woman, rather good-looking, wearing the vest and military head gear, persisted in remaining covered. A woman stepped forward to enforce compliance, when one of the escort, too readily yielding to the injunctions of the crowd, rudely placed his hand upon the girl's head, and, seizing her hair with the cap, compelled her to bend down her head. Immediately afterward she stood erect, casting a look full of hatred upon her persecutor. I turned away from this spectacle, which wounded me to the heart. I said to myself with grief that a people which has no confidence in the justice and efficacy of the law is not fit for liberty.

## GREELEY ON TEXAS.

### The Future of the Lone Star State as Seen Through a Philosopher's Spectacles.

### IMMENSE RESOURCES.

[Horace Greeley to the Tribune.]

Before I dilate upon the bright future now opening before this State, let me indicate some of the drawbacks which have hitherto retarded her material and still more her intellectual and moral progress.

Bad water is quite often the accompaniment of very good land; and southeastern Texas has little that is good. I have now traveled over nearly every completed mile of her railroads without being offered one glass of water from spring or well. Rainwater is very generally drank; nearly every tolerable dwelling being provided with a tank or reservoir for keeping it, oftener underground. As it is confined to the cities, the excuse for drinking bad coffee, or worse whisky, is here stronger than almost anywhere else. That springs are very rare, while well-water is uniformly undrinkable, is certain; but why each city and considerable village has not tried to obtain better by sinking to a depth of two or three hundred feet (not expecting the fluid to rise to the surface and flow over, on the Artesian plan, but drawing it up by wind or other power), I do not understand. The muddy product of the rivers, creeks, bayous and sloughs, which the cattle must imbibe per force, cannot but be prejudicial to their health and thrift, to say nothing of the dry season, when even this detestable stuff can hardly be obtained. The suffering of animals from thirst, and from the villainous witch-broth wherewith they must quench it, must work them serious harm. If I were a herdsman here I would have better water for my stock, or I would sink at least three hundred feet in quest of it.

Bad roads and other impediments to internal communication have sadly crippled Texas, and still cripple her. Her crops, as a general rule, have cost the grower more after than before the harvest. Though oxen and horses have long been abundant and cheap, the wheat-growers up north could reach no market with their product unless at ruinous cost, while the lower counties were importing flour at the rate of three thousand barrels per day. A State whose chief products are grass and cattle, has imported both hay and milk; her herdsmen, as a general rule, never see either. A purely agricultural State that buys most of her bread, a splendid soil for corn on a good part of which [illegible] for growing swine at no cost, yet which has bought three-fourths of the hams universally consumed by her people—such are among the causes which have kept the Texans poor in spite of the remarkable fertility of her soil. Her rivers, creeks, and bayous, rarely bridged, are subject to great and sudden floods, whereby teamsters are often imprisoned for days between two creeks which in dry seasons are waterless, and halted by a river for weeks. But for railroads, Texas is doomed by nature to stagnation, impotence, and barbarism.

As yet, she has barely begun to be penetrated by railroads. A line north by west from Galveston to Houston (50 miles), and thence by Hempstead, Navasota, Bryan, Hearne, etc., to Groesbeck, in Limestone county, soon to be extended to Corsicana, in Navarro county (say 250 miles from Galveston), with a branch from Hempstead westward across the Brazos through Washington county to Giddings, 55 miles, soon to be extended 50 miles further to Austin, the State capital, with another from Harrisburg, six miles below Houston, through Fort Bend and Colorado counties, across both the Brazos and Colorado to Houston (48 miles), such are about all the pieces of railroad now in operation in the State. The piece from Shreveport, La., westward through Harrison and Smith counties to Hallsville (56 miles), is rather a suggestion than a practical road. And these are about all that are in operation to-day. The work of providing this people with necessary railway communication is barely well begun.

But that is half the battle. At last, nearly every line seems to be in the hands of solvent, capable, upright men who are backed by ample capital, and is pushed with vigor and clear-sighted resolution. The Texas Central is going right on north by west to meet one of the Missouri-Kansas roads at the north line of the State, near Gainesville or Sherman. A new road (the "Great Northern") striking north by east from Houston, pushes directly north from Houston, crossing the Southern Pacific near Tyler, strikes the Red River near Fort Towson, and connects with the Missouri, Kansas and Texas, from Kansas, near that point. The "Chattanooga and Mobile" is now pushing due westward through Louisiana, and expects to reach Houston before this time next year. These, with the Southern Pacific, now certain to be vigorously prosecuted, will give Texas not less than 1,000 miles of completed railroad within a year, and 1,500 within two years.

But the most important and effective single line of railroad in the State is "The International," which connects at Fulton, Ark., on her northeastern border, with one from Cairo, Ill., and thus with Chicago and New York, running diagonally through Texas from northeast to southwest, crossing the Southern Pacific and "The Great Northern" near Tyler, the "Texas Central" at Hearne, and thence pushing straight for Austin, the capital, and thence to San Antonio, and so to the Rio Grande not far from Loredo. This road, though begun last November at Hearne, where it crosses the "Texas Central," and impeded by the necessity of importing corn at $2 10 per bushel and hay at $85 per ton for its oxen and mules, has been pushed right vigorously in either direction, and will have crossed both the Brazos and Colorado, and reached Austin on the one hand, the Trinity on the other, by next May. Two years hence, it will have been completed from Fulton to San Antonio (four hundred miles), and will then have brought the heart of this State within four days' travel of the commercial emporium, where it will be known as one of the most judicious and successful railway enterprises ever planned. It will carry more beef cattle than any other road on the globe, and it will bring into Texas more immigrants than railroad ever carried into any State till now.

Texas is as large as France with a more genial climate and far richer soil. She has to-day less than one million inhabitants, while France (as reduced by the late war) has more than thirty millions. She has more and better timber, and more cattle and horses than France; why should not her fortieth part of France's population be rapidly increased to a twentieth, a tenth, and, before the close of this century, to a fifth or fourth? Why should not this State be the home of ten millions of the human family early in the next century?

Before deciding to say a word in favor of Texas as a home for those as yet strangers to her, I made inquiry and satisfied myself that her wild lands are not merely cheap to-day, but certain long to remain so. They are held in tracts of a thousand to many thousands of acres, by men of limited means, who bought them for a song, or obtained them without price of Mexican concession, and who have held them to this day partly because wild lands paid no taxes and partly because they could find no purchasers, every one who either had property or aspired to have being already gorged with wild land. Now all is changed. Slavery being dead, lands are in request and have a value, which railroads are rapidly doubling and quadrupling. Taxes are high and rising; common schools and State loans to railroads are certain to enhance them; so that moneyless holders of unproductive tracts must sell or be sold out by the sheriff and tax-collector. I am sure that one hundred millions of fertile acres are to-day owned by men who must sell them within the next five years. And this necessity is sure to keep down prices. Let me then give some idea of their range. I traversed yesterday the railroad which runs westward from Harrisburg near Houston through Harris, Fort Bend and Colorado counties by Richmond to Columbus, 83 miles. Most of this route lies through a rich, level prairie, covered with horses and cattle; but timber is always in sight on one side or on both, and we pass through the generally covered intervals of the Brazos and Colorado, with those of Oyster creek, San Bernard and Caney. This is one of the earliest settled portions of Texas, and its population has largely increased since the war. I was authorized by Mr. William Brady, of Houston, to offer a league of it (4,440 acres), including a sufficiency of timber and water, for $1 per acre; but if that should not meet the views of pioneers, he would survey it into farms and give alternate tracts of 100 acres to industrious, sober, thrifty pioneers who would settle upon and convert them into productive homesteads. And I have been assured by others that a colony of two or three hundred northern farmers and mechanics could obtain lands for settlement on like terms in almost any part of the State. Do not jump at the mistaken conclusion that the land-holders of Texas are exceptionably philanthropic and generous. They make no pretensions to this character. They want to make their lands valuable and marketable; to which end they will sometimes give away a part to enhance the value of the remainder, as a few will do this; but almost any one will sell a part very cheap in order to obtain a market for the rest. And they are quite aware that a Yankee or German colony raises the value of the land around it.

The railroads are in like circumstances. Some of them have land grants; all want population and production along their lines rapidly increased. Their interest leads them to invite settlement and encourage the transfer of lands from non-residents to cultivators. Hence, while lands near railroad junctions and other locations of predicted cities are held for higher rates, I judge that half the soil of Texas is this day in market at prices ranging from 50 cents to $2 per acre, and that $1 per acre in cash would buy the greater portion of it. And, while a rapid rise along some of the railroad lines is inevitable, I judge that $2 per acre will buy good wild land in this State, for at least ten years to come.

The least favorably situated of this vacant land is more eligibly located to-day than the best was twenty years ago. Railroads are bringing markets and comforts to every man's door. Milk sells for $1 per gallon in Galveston; there is not a quart of it to every thousand cows throughout the State; and you whiten your tea or coffee with the condensed article from New York, or you don't whiten it at all, even at petty hamlets in the far interior, where a likely cow and calf will bring not more than $10

As yet, the mineral wealth of this State sleeps undisturbed and useless. She has iron enough to divide the earth by railroads into squares ten miles across; but no ton of it was ever smelted. She has at least five thousand square miles of coal, probably much more; but no ton of it was ever dug for sale. She has gypsum enough to plaster the continent annually for a century; but it lies inert and valueless—a waste of earth-covered stone. She has more land good for wheat than Minnesota, yet imports nearly all her flour; she has millions of acres of excellent timber, yet builds mainly of pine from Louisiana and Florida; she sends to the Ohio for her hams and to New York for her butter, and would import berries and fruits if her people had not learned, while they were unattainable, to do without them. If ten thousand Northern farmers would settle just below Houston, and devote themselves to supplying that city and Galveston with fresh milk, butter, strawberries, raspberries, peaches, grapes, etc., they might charge double prices, and get rich faster than so many cultivators ever did before. They would have to make their own ice; but that is not difficult. They might have to teach the Texas Central how to run a milk train fifty miles; but that need not exhaust their energies. Their pasture land, fenced, might cost them $10 per acre just around a depot and a junction; their cows might be picked at $15 per head, and they would soon sell hay enough at 200 per cent. profit to defray the cost of feeding and shedding their stock. This is but one of a hundred equally promising enterprises now impatiently awaiting the right men to direct them. Who will send them along?

## LYNCHING A WOMAN.

### A Mexican Woman Hung by an Infuriated Mob of Miners.

### HEROIC CONDUCT OF THE VICTIM.

A writer in the New York Sunday News, who was an eye-witness to the affair, gives an account of the lynching of a woman in California, about 20 years ago. The reminiscence is a graphic sketch of the savagery that prevailed on the Pacific coast during the early days of gold-hunting. It is also interesting from the picture it presents of cool animal courage in the central figure, a Joan of Arc on the frontier, a Charlotte Corday in the rough:

"On the morning of July 5, 1851, there were some five thousand people in and about the town of Downieville, Cal.; traders, packers, and gamblers thronging the village, and industrious miners at work in the river-beds and banks, and among these we were engaged on a branch of the river, a mile or so from the centre of activity. The gold-seekers were scattered along so close together that a continuous line of vocal telegraph was available for several miles. About 10 o'clock in the morning, the

CRY OF 'MURDER!'

came up the river, quick repeated from one to another, and, as the outcry was unusually earnest and startling, all the miners dropped their tools and made for the river bank to take an observation. Everbody was running toward town, four or five hundred in sight, and all under full headway. Of course our party went too.

"At the scene of action we found a vast throng surrounding a small clapboard shanty, and within a miner was lying dead. We happened to be one of the few who crowded in. The man was lying on the puncheon floor, and had breathed his last; the floor sloped a little in the rude structure of the tenement, and a broad stream of blood had flowed from his breast as much as ten feet. There was hardly any perceptible noise until after the murdered man had expired, and then began that ominous, deathly buzz which is so expressive and threatening on the border, where there is no law but that of superior strength, and no justice but that of popular impulse. Who was he? Who killed him? Where is the murderer? were the inquiries, repeated a thousand times over, and presently the crowd began to surge in a peculiar direction, indicating that the homicide had been discovered.

"The man killed was Joseph Cannon, an Englishman, who had come from Australia, a man of giant stature and strength, considerably above six feet in hight, and weighing perhaps 230, may be more. The person who killed him was

A LITTLE MEXICAN WOMAN

from Mazatlan, unusually small, even for her diminutive race. Cannon was a good-natured, carousing miner, and very popular with his associates, who were chiefly English and Scotch sailors, with the usual proportion of 'Sydney ducks,' as Australian people were then called. On the night of the 4th, immediately preceding the murder, he had been on a spree, and ran all night with his friends, who, in their hilarious intoxication, went about knocking at people's doors, and making them get up to drink; nobody minded that then; the sailors had plenty of money, and were disposed to throw it around lavishly.

"In the course of their raid Cannon and his carousing friends kicked at the door of a certain clapboard shanty, which, having only frail leather hinges, fell in, and the rude visitors ran away. The cabin was inhabited by a young Mexican and his reputed wife. The man dealt monte in a neighboring saloon, and the woman took in washing. In the state of society at that time, the two were living respectably, and by their united exertions were making money. The wife was rather a pretty little woman, showing the Indian features very distinctly, and was about 24 years old. It was said that she had been of loose character, and had killed two other men; but of that we never had any authentic information, and, so far as their neighbors said, the pair were living honestly and reputably, with no more scandal than generally fell to the lot of a young and good-looking woman in those rough old days.

"On the following morning, having somewhat recovered from his big drunk, Cannon heard that he had broken in the family's door, and started off to pay the damages and make an apology. While standing on the outside, talking in broken Spanish to the Mexican, Cannon placed a hand on each door post, and while in that situation the little woman sprang out from a place of concealment, and, with a long, sharp bowie-knife, stabbed him through the center of the breastbone and clear into the heart. The blow must have been tremendous, to cut through his strong and gigantic anatomy. Cannon reeled back into the middle of the street, fell with a groan and was carried into an unfinished house, where the murder-cry was given, as related in the foregoing.

"Cannon having been a popular leader among the rougher sort of miners, a cloud of indignation rose rapidly and with ominous portent. There was a standing feud between the rusty-looking miners and the flashy-dressed gamblers; the homicide woman belonged to the latter class, and, woman though she was, it was resolved that she must die. The crowd continued to increase and gather resolution and fury; the woman had not only murdered a popular miner, but she was also the wife of one of the hated tribe of gamblers, and die she must! Some of the more humane citizens offered to interfere and stay the horrid proceedings, but they were at once intimidated and put down, one or two of the more demonstrative having been driven out of the village, in fear of their lives.

"A LYNCH COURT

was summoned, and 12 jurymen eagerly responded. One or two lawyers volunteered for the prosecution, but none for the defense. There had been a Fourth of July celebration the day before, and the shed—something like a camp-meeting preachers' stand—was still there; and to that Judge Lynch and his court, together with the prisoner, repaired, and the trial began. A leading physician was called as a witness, and, wishing to save the poor wretch, gave his opinion that she was enceinte; a howl of incredulity was raised, and he was driven from the stand, had to fly the town, and durst not return for two or three days. A certain Mr. Thayer, from Nevada, undertook to make a speech in defense of the prisoner, but he was kicked off the platform, and, the crowd below opening a gangway, he was kicked off the ground, driven across the river, and fled up the hill, leaving his hat and mule behind.

"A certain man with a white bandage on his head took an active part in the prosecution, aided by a young lawyer who thought to gain popularity with the miners. The trial lasted four hours, a rope thrown around a small inclosure, like a prize-ring, and every now and then the crowd would make a surge, breaking down the ropes and interrupting the proceedings. Nobody had the courage to face the furious mob and speak for the woman, who sat with the stolidity and firmness of an Indian warrior in council. The Hon. John B. Weller, who was then running for Congress, was at the hotel overlooking the lynch court, and was besought to go out and speak to the people, but he was afraid.

"As the delicate condition of the prisoner had been suggested, a committee of doctors was appointed, who took her into an adjacent house, stripped her, examined, and reported to the court that the statement of her situation was untrue. She was then found guilty

SENTENCED TO BE HANGED,

and gave four hours to prepare for death. All through, the prisoner had borne herself with the stolid fortitude belonging to her race. In the interval the doomed Juanita made her verbal will, gave way her little property for the use of various friends, and was ready for the awful moment when men tremble and pray; but so did not that little incarnation of human heroism as she looked out at the preparation of the scaffold.

"THE GALLOWS

was constructed on a bridge over the Yuba river at the lower end of the town. In the middle the bridge had two uprights and a beam overhead—almost a ready-made scaffold. A piece of scantling was lashed across from one post to the other, about four feet from the flooring; the rope and noose were in place; a step-ladder was procured for the prisoner to ascend to the scantling, which answered the purpose of a rude trap. The prisoner and her few terrified friends came down the street in a melancholy little company, and upon the bridge up to the foot of the gallows. There Juanita shook hands with and took leave of her friends, and ascended the ladder with a firm and agile step.

"Standing on the narrow scantling, while a dead silence prevailed with the vast crowd of spectators, she took off a man's hat which she had borrowed to wear to the gallows and deliberately and skillfully shied over the heads of the crowd to its owner; the hat was of straw, and sailed on the wind as pasteboard cards do when thrown. Then she twisted up and fixed her long, black hair, smoothed down her dress, placed the noose round her neck in a proper manner, and raising her hands, which she refused to have tied, said, in a clear voice,

'ADIOS, SENORS!'

The signal was the firing of a pistol. Two men stood with axes to cut the rope and let fall the scantling upon which the woman stood.

"In his trepidation one of them missed his aim, and failed to cut the rope, so that only one end of the timber fell, and the poor creature lodged in her fall. There was a cry of horror from the crowd, with fierce oaths at the awkwardness of the accursed hangman; but another blow dropped the timber, and the body swung. The rope was new and commenced untwisting, the body whirling round, until many of the spectators turned away, deathly sick at heart. But in a few minutes Juanita was dead.

"THIS TERRIBLE SCENE

was witnessed by most of the few women who had then come to the place, and two of them had their children in their arms; and it is not long since we read the marriage notice of one of those infant spectators, now a beautiful and accomplished young lady.

"THE BODY OF JUANITA

was at length taken down and carried to her poor abode, where it was hoped to revive her. A clapboard was torn off to give air; but when it was given out that she was not dead, the brutal crowd rushed in, surrounded the house, and swore that if not dead she should be hanged again! But Juanita was beyond the reach of their vengeance; dark came on, and still, tiger-like, many of the wretches stayed round the house all night. On the following day Cannon and his slayer were buried near together on the hill-side, and their half-obliterated and forgotten graves may still be found—if indeed the gold-diggers have not disemboweled and washed away that primitive cemetery. We saw the graves and their faded inscriptions as late as 1862.

CONCLUSION.

"About five years ago, when ascending the Feather river to Marysville, we heard that a man was dying on the lower deck of the boat, and, on going to see, at once recognized the 'man with a white bandage on his head,' who had been a leader of the mob fifteen years before, when the woman was hung Downieville. He was dying miserably friendless, and his remains were left at Y City. We forget his name; but he was the id tical leader of the lynch court, as we afterw ascertained. The young lawyer who led prosecution afterward ran for the Legislat but was always beaten because of his parti pation in the shameful affair, and, about years ago, he was killed by Indians in New Territory. Nearly all the prominent actor the tragedy are dead; some of the spectat are in San Francisco.

"This, we believe, is the only accurate circumstantial account of that tragic af that has ever been given to the public by eye-witness. For many years it was regar as a stigma on the character of Downievil but the chief actors and many of the spectat have long since passed from the scene."

## ROTHSCHILD'S VICTORY.

### An Account of His First Der Success.

[Herald London Letter.]

There was a delay of over half an hour at the post, caused chiefly by the impatience Noblesse, Pearl and Hyperion, and the fury Albert Victor and Ripponden; but when t flag was lowered Pearl was quickest off, tended by Digby Grand, Noblesse and Ble heim, who were closely attended by Colu bus, Eneide, Bothwell, Albert Victor a King of the Forest—all lying in the cent with Ravenshoe, Favonius, Grand Coup, a Feeder, and Noblesse just behind them the left. There was but slight alteration this order as they ran through "the Furze except that Columbus, showing the way f his stable companion, Bothwell, was for few seconds in front, but was again depriv of it by Pearl. On reaching the mile post in turn was passed by Digby Grand, and Ri ponden at the same time heading the othe the two, generally supposed to be rogue came on in advance, with Bothwell and Fav nius lying next, and Albert Victor and King the Forest just in their rear, while the othe who were led by Grand Coup and Ravensho now began to fall off. Half way down the h toward Tattenham Corner, Pearl was beat and around the corner Digby Grand mai tained his lead, with Bothwell on his rig the pair being followed by King of the Fore and Albert Victor, with Favonius on the l side. On entering the straight the l closed up and ran in company to th road which crosses the course, whe Favonius took second place, with Bothwel Albert Victor and King of the Fore lying well up to the distance. At this poi a tremendous cheer from the ring announce the fact that the favorite was in trouble, an in a second more another great roar of excite ment proclaimed his defeat. At the same m ment French, on Favonius, challenged Digb Grand, followed by Albert Victor and King o the Forest, and the four ran nearly abreast t the commencement of the inclosure. Her Digby Grand had had enough, and [illegible] Rothschild's horse, having his two other op ponents beaten, immediately afterwards drew away and won easily by a length and a half from Albert Victor and King of the Forest, who ran a dead beat for second place ahead front of Digby Grand. Ravenshoe passed the favorite and finished fifth. Bothwell being sixth. Time of the race, 2:50. Net value of the stakes, £5,150, or $25,750.

Baron Rothschild is so popular an owner of horses and so enterprising a sportsman, though he backs his animals as a rule for very little money, that the cheering when the number of Favonius went up was tremendous, and the Baron himself was nearly mobbed death as he led the winner in from the course to the weighing paddock. He had been so certain of victory that he had entrusted him with a great deal of money, and so secured a large sum in bets, to say nothing of the stakes. In the evening the Prince of Wales dined with the Baron, whose first Derby success this was, though he has twice run second with Tom King and King Alfred.

## A Story of Grant.

[St. Louis Republican New York Letter.]

A well-known member of the profession was looking about there last week with a view to rusticating the bairns during the summer, and strolling along the beach in the evening, he met another man; and the twain sat down to watch the fog, which the Jerseyman said would "lift in a minute, as a land breeze was springing up." They talked of the failure of the hay crop, and the good prospects for a large musquito crop, of hotel life and cottage life, and then of politics, of Grant and his administration, &c. The actor-man expressed himself freely; quoted some editorial of that morning from the high-favored pen of Dana; told his new-made friend "that these things couldn't be said if Useless didn't give such glorious occasion for 'em," &c., to the end of a Democratic man's chapter. After awhile, as the fog didn't lift, they strolled up the beach to a point where the stranger was about to leave. The actor-man expressed his pleasure at meeting the gentleman, saying, "My name is ——; what might I call you, sir?" "Well," responded the unknown, "you might call me almost anything, but as you've been calling me Useless Grant all the evening, it's almost useless to ask you to try another," and, with a pleasant "good evening," off walked the President of these United States. Not bad for Useless, as Dana must admit this time.

## A Tender-Hearted Vigilance Committee.

[From the San Francisco Bulletin.]

Our readers will remember the account published some weeks ago of a terrible outrage said to have been committed by one Smith, a Malay, who was the steward of the steamer Pelican, while en route to Umpqua, in which he was charged with having outraged a little girl eleven years of age, a passenger on the steamer. The story as published stated that on the arrival of the Pelican at Umpqua, the father of the child narrated the affair to the citizens of the town, who thereupon formed a vigilance committee, and arrested and tried Smith, who was found guilty and sentenced to death. But the mob, instead of hanging him placed him in a canoe and sent him, in charge of an officer, out upon the river. After a time the boat came back without the prisoner, and the story was circulated that he had been shot and thrown overboard. Such, however, was not the case. He made his escape to Coos Bay, and from thence to this city, where he arrived on Monday last. According to his own story, of course, he was innocent of the crime. The mob, he says, sentenced him, not to death, "but to be taken across the river and severely whipped." Even this was abandoned, and he was simply landed some distance from the town, with instructions to go to Coos Bay, and thence to San Francisco.

## A New Telegraphic Instrument.

Mr. Richard Herring, a well-known English mechanician and author of many valuable scientific papers, has invented a new telegraphic instrument, the peculiarity of which appears to consist in its being furnished with two keys, one to work a lever carrying a pin to make a dot, and the other to work a lever carrying a small linear stile to make a dash. According to the London Times, greater accuracy seems likely to be secured by this device—an important realization, in view of the long time it takes to acquire the art of releasing or holding down the key with accuracy, and it will be much easier to use two keys, one for the dot and the other for the dash, and to use them with the same rapidity. Mr. Herring suggests that it would be practicable to emboss two slips at the same operation, and to give one to the sender, who would thus know with certainty what message had been dispatched. The Times thinks that, to save nearly half the time now consumed in telegraphing, to give a compressed and easily legible dispatch in place of one that is always lengthy and often obscure, to make one ton of paper do the work of four tons, and to remove fertile sources of inaccuracy, are features of this invention of special merit.

## Affairs in Cuba.

Havana, June 14.—A number of families have surrendered at Santo Espiretus, including seventy men, within the past few days. Letters from prominent parties announce also the early surrender of several prominent insurgent leaders. It is stated positively that Bembeta left without any official character or mission. Valmaseda goes to Puerto Principe on the 17th or 18th. Four battalions of Havana volunteers refuse to send a company each to the military line. Other battalions have already designated the companies to go by lot.

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The Iuka (Miss.) Gazette has an article, in which it defends the Governor's wife from a charge by a Radical organ "that she helped receive the callers" at the Governor's reception after the adjournment of the Mississippi Legislature. The Gazette speaks of the Governor's wife as a noble, high-minded Mississippi lady, and says that the Governor himself would not allow her to be seen in such company. It describes the company present at the reception in the following gentle terms: "Those drunken vagabonds, those political lepers, those red-handed ruffians, those scowling cut-throats, those assassins of American liberty, those traitors to common decency, those outcasts from virtuous society, those emblems of a nation's shame those disgraceful insults to God's mercy, those dirty violators of the Christian decalogue, those fit inheritors of the hangman's hell." It also characterizes the reception itself as a "drunken saturnalia," a "dance of devils."

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☞ The Mormons have a pleasing notion that, under the new dispensation on which they have entered, there is to be a gradually increasing prolongation of human life, beginning with the life of President Brigham Young, but gradually extending to the whole household of faith. The 1st of June, instant, being Brigham's 70th birthday, was religiously observed by him in receiving calls from his numerous wives and congratulations from a few of his children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, and a few select friends. The universal theme of congratulation was the fact that Brigham is so veritable a fulfillment of the revelation to Joseph Smith, that, with the advent of polygamy and other blessings, the average duration of life would lengthen. President Young, though 70 years of age, was as young as most men at 48; indeed, he was never more in his prime, nor more susceptible to new plans for making money or to the smiles and charms of the damsels of Zion.

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☞ For ten years Thomas Day was a tailor in Boston. Twenty years ago he retired from business on account of failing health. For two or three years past he has suffered much from spells of dizziness, and a few days since a surgeon discovered and extracted from his body a common-sized needle, with double thread four inches in length attached. As Mr. Day had used no needle of the kind for twenty years, he (the surgeon) supposed he must have swallowed it anterior to that period, and is of the opinion that the working of the needle and thread through the system caused the dizziness with which Mr. Day has been afflicted. The Boston Traveller, which tells this story, adds that since the operation Mr. Day feels greatly relieved and is improving in health.

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☞ The Wilkesbarre correspondent of the Scranton Republican knows of a mule that has been brought up in the coal mines, and understands what it is expected to do so well that, when pulling a loaded car up a slope, and finding that its strength is not holding out, it will catch hold of a sill with its teeth, and thus keep the car in one position until the driver succeeds in blocking the wheel.

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Marcus B. Buck has a vineyard on the mountain side, near Front Royal, Va., which last year yielded 15,000 gallons of superior wine.